

## REVIEW OF REPORTS OF YESTERDAY'S LYNCHING

Being a Reproduction of the Associated Press Reports Together With Other Comments From Various Other Sources.

The News of yesterday handled the story of the lynching as best it could in a local way, though did not endeavor to elaborate minor details or quote statements from officers and others informed regarding the affair. We were woefully imposed upon by other papers over the country who knew that we were disposed to show them every possible courtesy, even to the neglect of our own publication. All matter relating to the affair which the people will care to know, however, will be given from time to time and the readers of the News may rest assured that we will give the facts as nearly as they can be ascertained.

In getting hold of a story as important as this it seems almost impossible for the large papers to get all their statements correct in the first reports.

In connecting reports and reviewing the facts it should be borne in mind that the statement of Oscar Peeler, relative to the guilt of the four men mobbed, was made after the lynching, and that it corroborated the evidence possessed by the county attorney's office, and that it was absolutely contrary to his previous statements. The evidence produced in the preliminary hearing of Miller will be published verbatim in order that the public may be relieved of any possible doubt as to the guilt of the persons lynched.

The associated press report of the lynching which appeared in the daily papers over the United States this morning is a very fair and reasonably correct account of the lynching. We produce the report in full herewith:

Ada, Okla., April 19.—This morning between 2 and 3 o'clock a mob of masked men, estimated from thirty to forty in number, stormed the Pontotoc county jail, overpowered the four guards, Bob Nestor, Walter Goynes, Jim McCarty and Joe Carter, took the keys of the jail from them and proceeded to take four prisoners from jail and hang them.

The men hanged were Jim Miller, Joe Allen, Jesse West and B. B. Burrwell, all under arrest in connection with the assassination of A. A. (Gus) Bobbitt near this city on Feb. 27.

The jail is located at the rear of the court house and is accessible both from the rear and through the front hall of the court house.

The mob was literally choking the hall of the court house before the guards were aware of its presence in the city. Leaving men stationed

on the outside of the court house and to the rear of the jail, the masked men quickly overcame the four guards, who put up a stiff resistance as possible.

One guard, Bob Nestor, received a severe blow on his head with a revolver and was left stunned. At the point of their guns the mob forced one guard to open the jail doors. Having secured entrance, they told Miller, Allen, West and Burrwell to dress and prepare for death.

**West Resists Mob.**  
The doomed men dressed as quickly as possible, made no resistance that the guards could hear, with the exception of Jesse West, who fought the mob fiercely and had to be beaten on the head with guns before he could be taken from the jail.

Leaving the guards tied and bound, the mob then took the men to the Frisco barn, a deserted heavy stable not thirty feet from the jail, and there hanged them to the rafters. The wounds of Guard Nestor were dressed this morning and he is resting easy.

Before raiding the jail the mob had apparently taken pains to map out every detail. Two masked men were sent to the power plant of the Ada Electric and Gas Company, who, at the point of their revolvers, forced the night engineer to cut off the circuit lighting the streets, thus leaving the city in darkness. The lights remained off an hour or more and during the temporary darkness the lynching was done and the mob dispersed.

**Bodies Are Found.**  
The bodies of the victims of the raid were found at an early hour this morning hanging dead in the Frisco barn and were cut down and taken to the undertaking establishment of L. T. Walters, where they now lie.

No shots were fired during the raid and everything was carried out in accordance with seemingly carefully laid plans. The town is quiet, but a gloom hangs over it such as was never before felt.

All of the members of the mob are thought to have been out of town parties, as they were mounted.

The examining trial of Jim Miller, charged with the killing of Gus Bobbitt and one of last night's victims, was had here before Justice of the Peace H. J. Brown last week and Miller was bound over without bail.

Justice of the Peace Brown made an order, excluding the testimony from the newspapers, but the trial was attended by the largest crowd that ever attended a criminal prosecution in this city.

**Spectators Searched.**  
Officers of the court searched every man who entered the courtroom for guns before he was allowed to enter.

Gus Bobbitt, the assassinated man, had been a former United States Marshal for the Southern District of the old Indian Territory, appointed under Cleveland's Administration. He was a vigilant officer and made many enemies among some of the early settlers of this country. On Feb. 27, or thereabouts, he was shot from ambush, with buckshot from a double-barreled shotgun near his home, seven miles south of Ada, from behind a clump of trees near the roadside. Bloodhounds brought to the scene could not take up the scent. The murdered man told his wife, who reached him before he died, that he was killed by the man who killed him. The man who killed him was one of two of his enemies of the plot. The man who killed him was one of two of his enemies of the plot. The man who killed him was one of two of his enemies of the plot.

brought here. B. B. Burrwell, another of last night's victims, was also captured at Fort Worth about the same time. Burrwell had been associated with Miller for some time past. Joe Allen and Jesse West are citizens of Canadian City, Tex. They were captured in Oklahoma City about April 6 or 7.

The county attorney of this (Pontotoc) county, learning that Allen and West were in Oklahoma City, and had phoned or written for an attorney from this city to come up to see them, immediately phoned a description of the two men to the Oklahoma City officers, who captured the men one night and brought them to Ada next day.

Allen and West resided in this part of old Indian Territory years ago. B. B. Burrwell one of last night's victims, had formerly lived in Dallas, Tex. All the men who were lynched are said to be men of means.

**Statement of Lee West.**  
Lee West, a night policeman of this city, relative to the lynching of four men, at this place last night, says: "The first I knew of the trouble at the jail was when I saw a bunch of masked men going into the front hall of the courthouse. This was somewhere near 2 o'clock this morning. I was on Main street about a half block and across Townsend avenue from the courthouse. I went down to see what was the matter. I followed on into the hall of the courthouse.

"When I had gone about one-third of the distance of the hall, I was suddenly covered with what looked to me to be about ten or twelve guns. I asked what all this trouble meant. They told me it was none of my business, and for me to get out quick.

"I retreated to the front of the building, and proceeded back up on Main street, where I met County Judge Terrell, Judge Terrell and I both went back into the hall of the courthouse, where he tried to persuade the mob to do nothing wrong. He told them there were men in the jail who were probably innocent and who ought not to be hurt in any way without a fair trial. The mob then told Judge Terrell that it didn't want to hear anything out of him and ordered us both out.

"Judge Terrell and I then went out of the building and I went out on Main street. The next I knew about what happened was when the guard, Walter Goynes, came out of the building and told me to phone for a doctor, that Bob Nestor had been severely cut in the head.

"I then went back to the jail and phoned for a doctor. All the doors of the jail, the front wall doors, were open.

After I first came out of the hall of the building I noticed that all the street lights had been cut off. I never saw any of the mob leave the courthouse or the jail, as it was completely dark."

**Statement of Bob Nestor.**  
Bob Nestor, one of the guards at the jail, last night said:

"I sleep in the little room at the rear of the jail. I am not a regular guard at the jail, but guard some. Last night about 2 o'clock I was awakened by three or four men pulling the cover off me. I thought it was some of the boys and told them they would get in trouble if they did not watch out. They were feeling over my bed and told me to get up. I noticed then they had masks on.

"I still thought it was some of the boys playing a prank on me and told them that was a devilish good way to get in trouble, wearing a mask. I noticed that they had Goynes's guns and were trying to get mine, and I realized for the first time what was up.

"I slipped by guns under my bed the best I could, but they must have seen me for they hit me over the head with their guns.

"They forced Walter Goynes at the point of their guns to open the heavy lever doors that open the cell doors and took Miller, West, Allen and Burrwell out in the run-around. As I can't hear very well, I did not know what all was said or done after this, except that the four prisoners were hanged.

**Statement of Joe Carter.**  
Joe Carter, another one of the four guards at the jail last night, says concerning the lynching: "The first I knew of the presence of the mob last night was at 2:10 this morning when six masked men

suddenly appeared at the waiting room in the run-around near the cells, and covered me and Jim McCarty with their guns. McCarty and I had the watch for this part of the night. They told us to step aside and hand over the keys of the jail. I told them we had no keys, that a gentleman in another room had the keys.

"At this moment about twenty more men appeared thronging through the hall of the yard and from everywhere else, it seemed to me, saying:

"Keep quiet, men and give up the keys."

"The men were all masked. They kept me and McCarty under cover of their guns and proceeded to wake up Walter Goynes and Bob Nestor and took the keys away from them.

"Nestor rose from his bed with his gun and the masked men hit him over the head with their guns and left him stunned. The men forced Goynes to open the heavy lever doors to the cells.

"They then took Miller from his cell and fastened a rope around his neck and bound his hands at his back with bailing wire.

"Jesse West was the next man taken out, and the mob says:

"Tell us what you know about his." West says:

"I'll tell you nothing."

"They then hit him over the head with their six shooters and said:

"D— you, tell us what you know about it." West repeated:

"I will tell you nothing," and made a fight with the mob.

"The rest of the prisoners then began to plead for their lives.

"Then I rushed through and went out on the street for help, where I met the two night policemen, and we all went back and got about one-third of the distance down the hall of the court house, when we were again held up and commanded retreated or they would kill us. We retreated and I never say any of the mob leave the court house or jail as it was totally dark on the streets."

**Statement of Walter Goynes.**

Walter Goynes one of the guards at the Pontotoc county jail last night. (Continued on Page Three.)

### A TELEGRAM.

The following telegram came to Ada this afternoon from Mr. J. B. Wilson of Pecos, Texas.

Frank Jones, cashier of the Ada National bank stated that many years ago that he knew this Mr. Wilson and that he was highly responsible and one of the largest cattle men of the greater cattle district of Texas.

Pecos, Tex., April 20, 1909. County Attorney Ada, Okla.: I congratulate your citizens on having rid the country of one of the coldest blooded cut throats that ever successfully defied the criminal laws of Texas. Oklahoma is up to date. J. B. WILSON

## Fresh Candies

We have just received a fresh supply of the following candies:

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- Ramers Fine Chocolates
- King's Chocolates and Bonbons
- Fletcher's Chocolates
- Milk Made Kisses
- Hershey's Milk Chocolates
- Big Bitter Sweet Chocolate
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- Turkish Nougat Bar
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A full line of Children's Clothes ..... \$3 to \$10

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Calls for gasoline and oil cook stoves; I have them and prices are always right.

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Not only invigorates the nervous system, but also builds up the blood and invigorates the general constitution.

It increases the appetite and strengthens the digestive system. Is guaranteed to give satisfaction or your \$1.00 refunded.

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THE ADA DRUGGISTS. We Run a Drug Store and Nothing More. "THE REXALL STORE."



# The Ada News

Evening Edition, except Sunday  
Week 7 Publication, Thursday

OFFICE: Weaver-Masonic Block, 12th and Broadway

OTIS B. WEAVER, EDITOR AND OWNER

TERMS: Weekly, the year, \$1.00. Daily, the week, 10cts. Daily, the year, \$4.00

Daily delivered in city by carrier every evening except Sunday.  
The Weekly will be sent to responsible subscribers until ordered discontinued and all arrearages are paid

Entered as Second Class matter, March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Oklahoma, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



## ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Yesterday Howard Parker who's got the job of state reporter of Oklahoma, before that being for several years city editor of this paper, phoned Otis Weaver, editor of such publication that the associated press which is the leading news disseminator of the world was including in its report of the action of the dispatchers of assassins in substance that the mob that did it was formed in the commercial club rooms of the city, and was composed of the leading members of such commercial organization.

After talking with several thoughtful conservative business citizens it was agreed that the News should phone Mr. Cutter, Western representative of the associated press at Kansas City in general denial of such allegation. The Associated press was talked to at length and it is hoped that the Associated press reports reproduced in larger part in this issue is reasonably satisfactory to the hundreds of county and near county citizens who have already read them through the day's metropolitan papers.

## Bodies Removed.

The body of J. B. Miller was shipped to his home in Fort Worth, Texas, last evening according to direction of his widow, that of B. B. Burrell to Weatherford where his mother and brother reside. The bodies of West and Allen are being held at the undertaking parlors awaiting the arrival of their widows who were supposed to have arrived here this afternoon, but failed to do so. The report is current that they will not come to Ada, but will receive the bodies at Holdenville.

## DID RIGHT.

Joel Terrell, county judge and Robt. Wimbish, county attorney went all the way in the undertaking to postpone the departure of the victims of the late tragedy until the time when the law could take its course. The public will commend their actions.

Try a News "Want Ad."

## TESTIMONY IN MILLER CASE

BEING A VERBATIM REPORT OF EVIDENCE INTRODUCED IN PRELIMINARY TRIAL OF J. B. MILLER.

R. L. Ferguson being first duly sworn testifies as follows:

Q What is your name?  
A Ferguson.  
Q Where do you live?  
A At Lawrence.  
Q Where did you live during the latter days of February, 1909?  
A Down there at Lawrence.  
Q Did you know Gus Bobbitt during his life time?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q Is he living or dead?  
A Dead.  
Q When did he die?  
A The night of the 27th of February.

Q This year?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q What state and county?  
A Oklahoma and Pontotoc county.  
Q What was the cause of his death?

A He was shot.  
Q How was he shot?  
A He was shot with a shot gun.  
Q What kind of a shot gun, if you know?  
A I don't know.  
Q Did you see where he was shot?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q Where was it?  
A Over the left hip, just above the left hip bone, and one shot in the leg.

Q Just one load of shot?  
A One in his hip and the other in his right leg.  
Q Where was he when he was shot?

A He was about 600 yards this side of his ranch, his home place.  
Q What was he doing?  
A He was driving along in his wagon.  
Q Where were you?

A Behind him in another wagon.  
Q From the place where he was shot, where did he die?  
A He died right where he fell off his wagon.  
Q How long did he live after he was shot?  
A About an hour and a half.  
Q Were you present when he was shot?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q You may state just how he was shot, describe the situation in your own language.  
Q Me and him were driving along the road, he had hired me to haul a load of cake and he had a load of cake.

Q How much cake did he have?  
A 1500.  
Q How much did you have?  
A 1500.  
Q Who was in front?  
A He was in front. He was driving along just about the length of the wagon, a little more than the length of the wagon and team ahead of me; part of the time I was up against his wagon, and part of the time he was 10 or 12 steps ahead of me.

We were driving along, we hadn't spoken in about 300 yards. The first thing I noticed, I seen the fire of a gun from behind an elm tree that stood to the left of the road.

Q How far from the road?  
A Eight steps from the road to the tree.

Q How far was that tree from the point where Bobbitt fell?

A Twelve steps. I was behind him about eight steps from the tree.

Q That is where you were when the first gun fired?

A Yes, sir. Mr. Bobbitt fell off his wagon and his team ran away; my team wheeled out of the road and I jumped out of the wagon.

Q How many shots were fired?

A Two.

Q You didn't describe the two shots.

A I said there were two shots fired.

Q How much intermission between those two shots?

A Very little, one just after the other, about as fast as a gun could shoot.

Q Where was the party standing that fired?

A Behind this elm tree.

Q Did you see anybody there?

A Not right then I didn't, I drove on up even, Mr. Bobbitt was lying on the ground, I raised up and looked over the wagon, and a man came out from behind the tree, and made three steps toward me and toward Mr. Bobbitt, and then went up the branch.

Q What position was he in when he made these steps?

A He was stooped over, bent down.

Q Show how he was bent over.

A He came out just about this way, bent down, looked to be bare headed.

Q What time did you and Mr. Bobbitt leave town that evening?

A We left here a little before half past five o'clock.

Q Do you know about what time it was when you reached the Simmons Crossing?

A No sir, I don't, it was a little while before sun down, I don't know exactly what time it was.

Q Do you know where Rocky branch is?

A Yes, sir.

Q What time was it when you reached Rocky branch?

A I don't know exactly what time it was.

Q Had the sun gone down?

A No, sir.

Q After you crossed Rocky branch did you meet any one, if so, where was it?

A We met a man just after we crossed the branch, passed the corner of the field.

Q How far past the corner of that field did you pass the man?

A We had gone about 30 steps past the corner of the field.

Q You met a man?

A Yes, sir.

Q How was the man traveling?

A Horseback.

Q What direction was he going?

A Going north, coming towards town.

Q What direction were you and Mr. Bobbitt coming?

A South.

Q What side of you did he pass on?

A On the left side. On the east side of the road.

Q Did he speak to you?

A He spoke to Mr. Bobbitt, he didn't speak to me.

Q What kind of a horse was he riding?

A Brown looking horse. I didn't pay much attention to the horse.

Q Did you notice anything about the saddle?

A He had something that looked like a slicker tied up behind the saddle when I first seen him.

Q What was it?

A It looked more like a buggy cur-

tain stuff. I thought it was a slicker at first, but afterwards it looked like a buggy curtain, the white was on the outside.

Q Did he have anything about his neck?

A There was a handkerchief about his neck, and had a collar and tie on his neck and had a collar and tie on.

A A striped tie and a long tie, white collar, and a white handkerchief tied up around his neck.

Q Did he have any thing in his hand?

A He had a handkerchief in his left hand.

Q What was he doing with it?

A Wiping his eye.

Q Which eye?

A Left eye.

Q Was that the eye towards you and Mr. Bobbitt?

A Yes, sir.

Q After he passed you, what direction did you and Mr. Bobbitt go?

A South.

Q The regular Roff and Ada road?

A Yes, sir.

Q Where did you leave that road after you left it?

Q Didn't you leave the road after got nearly to Mr. Bobbitt's house, about half a mile this side of Mr. Bobbitt's house; left that road and taken a left hand road.

Q Didn't you leave the road after you crossed the creek?

A Went up through a field.

Q You left the road then?

A Yes, sir, went through the field to a house and then went on.

Q What house?

A I don't know, Mr. Cantrell built the house.

Q What corner of the field?

A Northeast corner.

Q Where did you leave that field?

A On the west side.

Q How did you get out?

A Through a wire gate.

Q At any time going through that field or after you got to the wire gate, did you see anybody else?

A I seen a man riding out on top of the hill at the far end of the lane and taken the right hand road from there; he was horseback.

Q What time was that?

A After sun down.

Q Could you or not distinguish who that man was?

A No, I couldn't tell any thing about him, a man on a horse is all I could tell.

Q Do you know where Jess Glover lives?

A Yes, sir.

Q How far does he live from Park-ell switch?

A I suppose 150 or 200 yards the other side.

Q North or south?

A South.

Q Did you see him as you passed his house?

A Yes, sir.

Q What was he doing?

A Watering his horses.

Q How far was it from the place where you met the man in the road to where Mr. Bobbitt was killed?

A About 3 or 1-2 miles. I don't know exactly.

Q Do you know where the old house is on the opposite side of the road to where Rollins lives?

A Yes, sir.

Q How far from that place to where Bobbitt was killed?

A About 3 1-4 miles.

Q How far is it to where Mr. Glover lives to where Mr. Bobbitt was killed?

A About a mile, a little bit over a mile, it isn't two miles, between a mile and two miles, somewhere.

Q I will ask you if you see the man in the court room that you met that evening on that horse?

A Yes, sir.

Q Where is he?

A Right over there.

Q What is his name?

A I couldn't tell you.

Q What is he reputed to be named; what is he said to be named?

A Miller is what I have heard his name was; I don't know the man.

(Continued Tomorrow)

From General Cross.

Guthrie, Okla., April 19.—Capt. J. C. Cates, Ada, Okla. My dear friend and comrade: Your letter of the 15th just received and accept my thanks for your kind invitation to be with you on the 22nd.

If I am able, and I know of no

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## The Grand Leader

ADA, OKLAHOMA

reason why I should not be with you at the time specified.

Trusting that your performance will be a success and that we will soon be able to commence building our home for our old comrades, and with kindest regards to every one, believe me, your friend and comrade.

Wm. M. CROSS,  
Major General.

## CEMENT NEWS COLUMN

NEWS CONCERNING ADA'S GREAT PORTLAND CEMENT MILL ITS EMPLOYEES AND THEIR FAMILIES.

Geo. Emery's wife and baby are sick.

Dick Miller is the miller in the finishing room.

J. O. Gray, of the boiler room, is off sick with the mumps.

Mrs. Fred Ford, who has been sick for some time, is getting better.

Jack Matthews, of the packing house, is off on account of sickness.

Tom Emery, foreman of the quarry was in town on business yesterday.

Ed Perryman, of the machine shop, reported for work after being out a couple of days sick.

The two new boiler mills arrived for the finishing room and are being unpacked and placed today.

The concrete construction has begun on the large piers of the extension of the stone track at the crusher.

## Nevada Postponed.

The home talent play, "Nevada" has been postponed from tonight till Saturday night, on account of the inclement weather.

Try a News "Want Ad."

## If you are in need of

A LAWN MOWER,  
A LAWN HOSE,  
A WATER COOLER,  
A REFRIGERATOR,  
AN OIL OR GASOLINE STOVE,  
POULTRY NETTING,  
SCREEN WIRE, OR  
ANYTHING ELSE IN THE  
HARDWARE LINE, YOU CAN  
GET IT AT THE LOWEST  
CASH PRICES FROM

COLLINS &  
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## FULL LINE OF STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

We buy for cash and sell for cash and divide our profit with our customers

## ALDRICH & THOMPSON

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## CHAPMAN

## The Shoe Man

East Main Street, Ada, Okla.

## SOME REASONS WHY IT PAYS THE FARMER TO HAVE A TELEPHONE

The dollars saved keeping in touch with the markets will pay the price many fold.

In case of an emergency when a doctor or neighbor is needed, life or property may be saved.

The telephone has done away with the old time isolation that handicapped social life in the country and drove young people to the city.

It is then a saver of life, money and property and is a pleasure to all the family. For information regarding rates and manner of securing the service consult with your nearest local manager.

PIONEER TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



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## FACTS

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# HOME TALENT OF 200 PEOPLE

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Indian Chief—Mr. Sam McClure. Medicine Man; Scouts—Sugg and others. Columbus—Prof. Perkins. Priest—Mr. J. C. Cates. Male Quartette. Indian Girls and Boys in Drill and Pow-Pow. Queen of Spain—Mrs. Hope and Court Ladies. King Ferdinand—Lawyer King. Geo. Washington—Judge Galbraith. Martha—Mrs. Duncan. Wm. Penn—Mr. McKeown. Queen of City—Miss Wilson. Dixie—Mrs. J. D. A. Harris. Uncle Sam—Mr. Geo. Cox. Columbia—Miss Thompson. Cuba — Dixie Doyle—Pauline Jones. Electricity—Leon Speed. Oklahoma—Mrs. Perkins. Cupid—

# PERSONAL COLUMN

WANTED—Two first-class stenographers, Oklahoma Portland Cement Co. tf

Rev. Kendall of Konawa was in Ada today.

Kodaks to sell or rent at Ramsey's Drug store. 12t

Nick Hurd of Stonewall, was in our city today.

Cal Bolen of Stonewall, was an Ada visitor today.

Bob Wimbish is transacting business in Coalgate.

M. B. Bartley transacted business in Sasakwa today.

B. H. Mason returned this morning from Oklahoma City.

Mrs. J. H. Bean of Francis, was an Ada visitor Monday.

Clay Jones and Jim Roff of Roff, were Ada visitors today.

R. W. Willis left on the north bound Frisco this morning.

If you want first class groceries call up M. L. Walsh. Phone 17. 274-tf

A. B. Collins, C. Y. Partian and Ed Bunyard of Roff were in Ada yesterday.

C. E. Daggs, tinner and plumber, North Broadway, phone 279. 272-tf

P. T. Pegues of Dallas, is in Ada to attend the Napier-Thompson wedding.

Room and board close in, corner 14th and Broadway. See Mrs. W. A. Alexander. 2td

Mrs. J. M. Keltner left this morning for Cromwell, Tex., to attend the bedside of her sister who is seriously ill.

Mrs. M. L. Sowers and daughter, Miss Ruth, left this morning for Tucson, Ariz., to attend the bedside of Mrs. Sower's son who is seriously ill.

The W. C. T. U.'s are working hard to obtain funds with which to put a drinking fountain on the public square. This fountain will be for the welfare of both town and country and all passersby. We consider this a very laudible undertaking on the part of the ladies and we are going to render them some assistance by donating the proceeds from our soda fountain next Thursday afternoon and evening, April 22nd from 2 to 11 p. m. Let every body help the ladies in this undertaking. Very truly, GWIN-MAYS & CO. 2t

# REVIEW OF REPORTS OF YESTERDAY'S LYNCHING

(Continued from Page One.)

and a Deputy Sheriff under Sheriff Tom Smith of Pontotoc County, concerning the raid last night, says:

"I was awakened about 2:30 o'clock this morning by several masked men standing over my bed. I immediately reached for my gun under my pillow, when the men covered me with their guns and said:

"These other men haven't got any keys to the jail, and we want them. I told them I could not give them the keys then they told me they would have them or kill me.

"I then dropped the keys on the floor and they picked them up and tried the heavy lever doors and could not work them.

"I was still held under cover of their guns. Failing to work the heavy doors, three or four of the men took me bodily from the room and at the point of their guns forced me to turn the lever.

"They then bound my hands with baling wire and left me in the room with Bob Nestor, whom they had beat over the head with their guns. I don't know much about what happened later, as it was totally dark outside and we could see nothing. McCarty released me at some hour in the morning, and I at once went out for a doctor for Nestor. There were forty or fifty men in the mob, and all were masked, and they carried out their work in orderly fashion."

## Verdict of Coroner.

The coroner's jury this morning impaneled by Justice of the Peace, H. J. Brown of this city to hold an inquest over the bodies of Jim Miller, Joe Allen, Jesse West and B. B. Burwell found hanging dead in the Frisco barn at dawn this morning. This afternoon returned their verdict to the effect that each of said men met their death by strangulation from a rope tied around their necks between 2 and 3 a. m. on April 19, in the city of Ada, Ok., administered by the hands of persons unknown. Miller's body will be shipped tonight to Fort Worth, Tex., for interment, upon the request of his widow Mrs. J. B. Miller who resides in that city. No disposition has yet been made of the bodies of Allen, West and Burwell. They are still at the undertaking establishment of L. T. Walters in this city, where they have been viewed by a large number of people today.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Scales, April 19th a 9 pound girl.

Hugo Hughes was in Ada Monday afternoon en route from Coalgate to his home in Roff.

Mr. Lowe who has been working at the Cement Plant left today for his home in North Carolina.

Miss Ludie Oliphant who has been visiting relatives in Ada left this morning for her home in Huntsville, Texas.

Mr. Ed Brents who occupies a substantial position with the U. S. government is home on a visit to his family.

Mr. Babser, piano tuner, will be in Ada all next week. Those needing his services should leave orders with Mrs. L. J. Crowder.—2t

Nevada, the play which was to have been given tonight at the Ada opera house, has been postponed on account of the disagreeable weather.

Big box supper at Asbury Methodist church Friday evening April 23. The proceeds to go to furnish the new parsonage. Every body is invited. Young lady, married lady, one and all, bring your box and some young man, married man or bachelor will be glad to buy it. It

## TRUE TO CLIENTS.

Messrs. Jas. W. Bolen and Jno. P. Crawford attorneys at law, understood to have been retained to defend some of the men who went away before the final trial Sunday night. It is related did all they could to secure a continuance for their clients. It wasn't an ordinary jury.

## Johnson Brothers and Peeler Gone.

Oscar Peeler, associate of Miller, whose confession of the guilt of the men hanged was published in yesterday's News and the Johnson Bros. suspicioned as being the assassins of Zeke Putnam, city marshal of Allen, was taken away yesterday by the county officers. There is some surprises expressed that there should be seriously thought that any body else is going to get hurt and that occasion required the removal of the prisoners.

# WANTS

Advertising under this head will be charged at following rates:

One insertion, per word.....1c Additional insertions, per word..1-2c

## LOST.

LOST—Week's wages, Ten Dollar bill, Saturday night. Return to News office and receive reward. 19-2t

LOST—Fountain pen incased in gold, same engraved with scroll work, three initials on same. Liberal reward. Return to B. H. Mason, over First Nat. Bank.

## FOUND.

FOUND—A gold A. F. & A. M. pin Owner can secure same by paying for this ad tf

## FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Three room house, two galleries, close in to the business center of the town. Apply this office.

Do you want buy? Do you want sell? We get you in or out of business. We organize and promote mercantile and industrial enterprises. National Reference and Investment Co., 574 Brandeis Bldg., Omaha, Neb. P. S.—We want a representative in Ada, Okla. tfd

## MILLER KNOWN IN FORT WORTH.

At One Time State Ranger and Again Deputy U. S. Marshall—Burrwell also Known There.

Fort Worth, Tex., April 19.—J. B. Miller of this city, who was among the men lynched by a mob at Ada, Ok., early this morning, was well known throughout this section and as far west as El Paso. At one time he was a state Ranger and later a deputy United States marshal. He was born in Coryell county, about forty-two years ago, and had resided at Gatesville and Monahans. Since moving here he led a retired life, so far as was known, until his arrest two weeks ago by Deputy Sheriffs Tom Snow and Sid Higgins, near this city for alleged complicity in the murder of A. A. Bobbitt in Oklahoma, Feb. 27. He offered no resistance to arrest. The arrest occurred about seventeen miles northwest of the city.

B. B. Burwell of this city, who had been and was formerly a bank cashier at Duncan, was arrested the day before the opening of the last Fat Stock show, March 12.

Miller leaves his widow, who conducts a rooming house at 108 1-2 East Weatherford street, near the court house; also three children, aged 17, 14 and 11 years.

Burwell's mother and brother reside at Weatherford, another brother near Fort Worth and still another at Ballinger. Jesse West and Joe Allen were former cattlemen of Canadian.

The report of the lynching, which reached here early today, created much excitement in this city where all the victims had acquaintances and friends. Miller was formerly a familiar figure on the streets of Fort Worth and could be seen almost any evening occupying an armchair among the loungers in front of the Delaware hotel. He was quiet and unassuming in his manners. A short time after the acquittal of Miller for the killing of Frank Fore, he reported one night that an attempt had been made to assassinate him at the gate of his residence by a man lying in wait and exhibited a bullet hole in his hat as evidence of the encounter.

## WHERE PLACE THE BLAME?

As the sequel of a vile assassination that occurred in Ada, in February last, four men suspected of the crime were lynched there yesterday morning.

Lynchings are to be deplored, but—Oklahoma juries are permitting too many murderers to escape the penalty of their crimes, while procedure in the courts, with the importance given to trifling technicalities, is making it easy for criminals to escape punishment.

At Norman, Saturday, James Stevenson, who was charged with the murder of Deputy Marshal R. W. Cathey of Pauls Valley was acquitted by a jury.

Lynching is a form of popular vengeance that should have no place where courts and proper legal machinery are in operation.

It may be safely estimated that nine out of ten murderers in Oklahoma escape paying the penalty of their crimes.

Where, then, must be placed the responsibility when the state is disgraced by such occurrences as that at Ada yesterday morning?

Pres. Taft has deplored the growing laxity of the court and eminent have endorsed his utterance.

All legal blanks for sale at this office.

# THE KING OF CURES

## DR. KING'S

# NEW DISCOVERY

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. FOR WEAK, SORE LUNGS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, HEMORRHAGES

AND ALL

## THROAT AND LUNG

DISEASES.

## PREVENTS PNEUMONIA

I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as the grandest medicine of modern times. One bottle completely cured me of a very bad cough, which was steadily growing worse under other treatments. EARL SHAMBURG, Codell, Kas.

PRICE 50c AND \$1.00

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY

G. M. RAMSEY

# MONEY TO LOAN

FOR SALE—Six room house in Sunrise Addition, 1½ lots, fruit trees, barn, bath and closets. Price \$1900, \$800 cash, \$800 one and two years, \$300 in five years. Actual cost of house is \$1500 besides lots. Come quick if you want this bargain.

## Claude Scales

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance Farmers' State Bank

All kinds of legal blanks for sale at this office.

## SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE



Don't be caught napping while we are selling such bargains for investments or homes, farms or investments in Ada. Fortunes have been made on less attractive offerings than we are showing in real property in Donaghey addition. Wake up! and call on Hardin & Blanks, Ada, National Bank Bldg., Ada Okl.

WANTED—Clean rags at New office WANTED—Clean rags at New office

**WHY?** are you living in a city of the first class without enjoying first class conveniences? Coal oil lamps were better than the tallow candles our fore-fathers used, but, if you wish to be up-to-date, you will have to put away the old lamps and use

## Electricity

It is safer, more convenient, matchless, no smoke, no soot, no smell.

It may cost less than you think. Just ask us questions and let us tell you about it

**Ada Electric & Gas. Co.** S. Broadway ADA, OKLA. Phone 78

# In Selecting a Bank

with which to do your business, the first consideration is the character and standing of its officers and directors, and the financial resources of the Bank. Judged by these standards your confidence and patronage are merited by the

## First National Bank of Ada

P. A. Norris, Pres. H. T. Douglas, V. P. M. D. Timberlake, Cashier

## ICE CREAM HOME PRODUCT

We have our own Dairy and up-to-date Ice Cream Factory. Both are run under the inspection of the Pure Food Law. Our factory is in charge of one of the best cream makers that is obtainable. Previous to coming to us Mr. Prescott had charge of one of the largest factories in Kansas City. We put up the goods. With all the above advantages, why shouldn't we? Insist on cream made at our factory and you will not only get the best, but are patronizing a growing home industry.

R. L. McGUYRE, Prop.

PURITY ICE CREAM CO.

**GET** Money on Your Farm & City Property ABSTRACTS FROM THE OLD RELIABLE ADA TITLE AND TRUST COMPANY

Try a News "Want Ad."



## MEMBER OF GERMAN EMBASSY



Photograph copyright by Ullstein, Washington, D. C.

Count von Wedel, newly appointed counselor of the German embassy at Washington, who recently arrived in this country. He succeeds Count Hatzfeldt, who has been promoted to the post of minister to Cairo, Egypt.

## KEEPS RIVAL IN JAIL

BUT IT COSTS BELLEVILLE, ILL.,  
MERCHANT \$1.50 A DAY.

Competitor Happy in Cell—Takes Plenty of Tobacco Along and Is Willing to See Other Man Pay Costs.

Belleville, Ill.—The board and lodging of Harry Joseph, a prisoner for debt in the Belleville jail, is being paid for at the rate of \$1.50 a day by Harry Rosenberg, who had put him there.

They are rival clothing merchants at Lebanon, Ill. Rosenberg sued Joseph for \$2,000, alleging that Joseph slandered him and said things about him which injured his credit as a merchant.

Before the case went to trial there was an agreement by which Rosenberg accepted a judgment of \$50 against Joseph. But he didn't get the money.

Joseph refused to pay, alleging that he did not have any property above the value of \$400, which was exempt from judgment under the law.

To make matters worse for Rosenberg the court decided that as Joseph had no seizable assets the costs in the case, amounting to \$28.30, would have to be paid by the plaintiff.

So, instead of being \$50 ahead as a result of the litigation, Rosenberg was out money.

"Isn't there any way I can get even with him?" he asked his lawyer.

"Yes, you might use a capias ad satisfaciendum on him."

"Is that a single-barreled or a double-barreled weapon?"

"Single, I think. I'll look it up," said the lawyer.

Rosenberg told him to go ahead. Too late he learned that the weapon was double-barreled.

Under the authority of an old statute the capias was served on Joseph. This provides that in a case where a debt is contracted through a violation of the law the person to whom the money is owed can have the debtor imprisoned for a term not to exceed one year. But he must pay the debtor's board to the state.

Joseph was taken to the Belleville jail and locked up. He kissed his wife and baby by good-bye and took with him a plentiful supply of smoking tobacco, books and magazines.

As he was being taken into the jail he said:

"All right. I'll stay here as long as Rosenberg pays the bill. Business is bad anyway, and I might as well loaf in jail."

Joseph's imprisonment has presented a strange legal tangle to members of the Belleville bar. It is the first time the statute has ever been enforced in St. Claire county and lawyers are talking of nothing else.

Joseph himself is not asking for legal advice. "I'll stick and make Rosenberg spend his money on me," he says.

"What could I do?" said Rosenberg to a reporter. "He wouldn't pay me. Yes, I've got to spend money for his board. But when I get mad I don't care for money."

"He talks bad about me. I sue him. We compromise. He owes me \$50 and he hangs the costs on me, too. Wouldn't that make anybody mad."

"I can't get my money. I put him in jail. Yes, I pay his board. That's the only way I can keep him in jail."

"Well, he's got me, all right," said Joseph smiling. "Jail isn't such a nice place, but I can stand it. I wasn't in business for myself. I opened a store in Lebanon for Harry Shapiro of St. Louis. That made Rosenberg mad. He didn't want competition in the clothing business."

"I got mad, too, and I said some-

thing about him and he had me arrested. Maybe it was slander. I don't know.

"We settled for a \$50 judgment. When I told him I could not make good he offered to take \$20. But I wouldn't give him one cent.

"I don't know how long I'll have to stay in jail—maybe six months. All right. I'll stick till Rosenberg gets tired of paying my board. I've got it fixed so my wife and children will be cared for."

### PUBLIC PRINTING COST GREAT.

Bill for Year 1905 Over \$7,000,000, According to Report.

Washington.—Constant growth of cost of public printing has increased this item of public expense from \$200,000 in 1840 to more than \$7,000,000 in 1905, according to the report of the printing investigation commission, created four years ago, which recently submitted to congress a report covering its extensive inquiry. The commission consists of the two committees on printing of the two houses of congress, and Senator Platt is its chairman.

The report states that under recent legislation 279,598,837 printed pages, including such expensive publications as the Congressional Record, the publications of the geological survey and the year book of the department of agriculture, were eliminated from the surplus printing which had formerly been piling up in warehouses to be finally condemned and sold as waste.

This printing was an undistributed surplus, these copies being equivalent to 559,197 volumes of 500 pages each for the year 1907. These publications had been piling up until there were more than 9,500 tons in storage, enough to fill an ordinary railroad train more than three miles long. Rent for that portion of these publications stored outside of government buildings was more than \$13,500 a year.

## Is Oldest Funeral Goer

Pennsylvania Woman, Now 81, Has Attended 4,007 Obsequies.

Pottstown, Pa.—A peculiar fascination to attend funerals, that seemed to have charmed her when yet a little girl, and which she has been unable to resist in her long life of more than 81 years, has given Mrs. Rebecca Wentzel a reputation far and wide as a mourner for everybody's dead. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone," does not apply to her, as her record of attending 4,007 funerals attests.

In her carefully kept diary she has noted that of these funerals there were 17 double ones of children, 11 where husband and wife were buried together, and seven where three persons of one family were interred at the same time. In one of the latter cases a mother and two of her children were laid in one grave.

In talking of one of the triple funerals, Mrs. Wentzel recalled a cloud-burst many years ago that resulted in the drowning of three members of one family at Manger's Mill, near this town. Mrs. Joseph Wentzel, daughter of Jacob Manger, the proprietor of the mill, had gone from her home here with her five children to help pull flax at the old homestead. A cloudburst about eventide had swollen the mill-race, but Mrs. Wentzel's brother, Henry Manger, felt confident he could drive her and her children across in safety, so they could reach home; but the waters engulfed the rig, and three of the children and the horse were

## UNEARTH AN OLD LEDGER.

Order for Sword from Gen. Winfield Scott Found in Records.

Chicopee, Mass.—An old ledger dating back to 1836 has been unearthed in the attic of the Ames Sword Company and is a striking commentary of early times. From a glance through the pages of the ledger one would think the whole country was being armed for war. The early struggles of Texas as an independent state can be traced bit by bit by orders recorded in the book.

One of the most famous swords turned out by the firm was one designed for Gen. Winfield Scott. The order was sent by the Mexican war hero December 11, 1843. The sword was of the very finest steel and was heavily finished with gold mountings.

The famous old Washington Light infantry of Charleston, S. C., presented one of its captains, Henry Ravenel, with one of the Ames swords February 22, 1837. Capt. James Armstrong, one of the family of famous American sea fighters, purchased a navy sword September 1, 1837, while two years later the citizens of St. Augustine presented Lieut. W. R. Hanson, U. S. A., with a sword costing \$150.

Orders for swords from foreign countries are noted in the ledger and large quantities of ordinary swords were sent to Texas and Mexico. Several noted bells are also included in the list of orders. The ledger covers a period of eight years.

### HIS STOMACH A JUNK SHOP.

Human Ostrich Swallows Many Indigestible Things.

Ottawa, Ont.—As showing the extent to which the human stomach can be made the receptacle of articles not of the ordinary food list, Dr. Burgess, medical superintendent of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, Montreal, reports a remarkable case that recently came under his care. The patient, who had been an inmate for nine years, was so secretive about his abnormal taste that it was entirely unsuspected by his attendants. The articles taken from his stomach were:

Three bundles of broom fiber, one piece of whalebone, eight inches long; one piece of insulating tape, seven inches long; one bundle of hair, one four-inch nail and a piece of wire, bound with string; one three-inch nail with a piece of cloth attached, one piece of wire, four inches long; one button hook, six pieces of tobacco pipe stem, 21 tobacco tags, 33 small pieces of wire, four screws, one paper fastener, one boot-eye, two plum stones, one piece of twisted picture wire, nine pieces of glass, nine pieces of iron, one steel spring, one iron nut, one piece of stone half an inch square, another piece an inch long, half an inch wide and half an inch thick; 27 pins, five one-inch nails, 52 two-inch nails, seven 2½-inch nails, 32 three-inch nails, one five-inch nail, one horse-shoe nail, four tacks and four hairpins.

### "COFFEE HABIT" GRIPS AMERICA.

United States Leads World in Importation of That Commodity.

Washington.—In the consumption of coffee and cacao the United States leads the world, while it holds third rank among the nations in her imports of tea. The imports amount to more than one-third of the coffee, nearly one-fourth of the cacao and about one-seventh of the tea entering the world's markets.

The "coffee habit" has evidently grown upon the people of the United States, the per capita consumption of this article in 1878 being 6.24 pounds, while in 1888 it was 6.81 pounds. In 1898 it had increased to 11.68 pounds, and in 1908 it was 10.04 pounds, according to figures of the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. During the same period the annual per capita consumption of tea decreased from 1.33 to 1.07 pounds. In cacao the importations in 1908 were more than three times as large as in 1898.

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## Mademoiselle Jolie's High C

By John Louis Berry

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Ah-h-h-h-h!"

The note was long, loud, clear, full and smooth. With its sudden, brilliant attack and soft, gradual cadence it disturbed fantastically the silence of the night.

"As God lives," cried Angelo, "the High C of my dreams!"

He rushed into the hall and knocked staccato agitato on the landlady's door. She knew that knock of Angelo's.

"I'm going to bed, signor," she called, cruelly, "Good night."

"One word, most merciful of landladies!" begged Angelo. "See, so as not to wake your blessed and respectable roomers, I fall on my knees and whisper through the keyhole. That High C—that heavenly High C! Whose was it?"

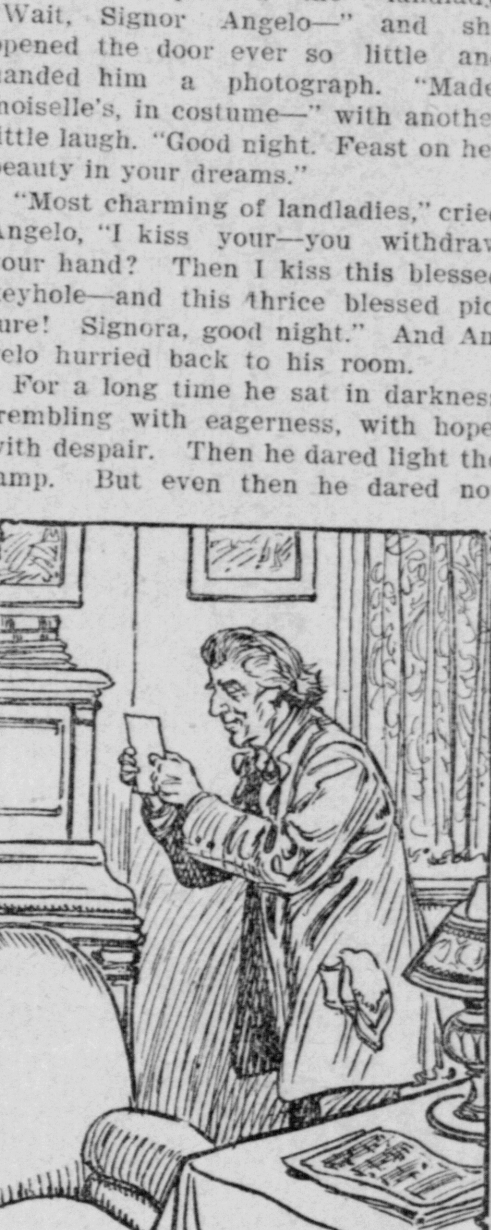
The landlady laughed—most irreverently and irreverently, thought Angelo. "Mlle. Jolie's," she answered. "Mademoiselle came here only to-day. She's contralto soloist at the ten-cent vaudeville."

"Contralto!" groaned Angelo. "But that High C! Coloratura or nothing!"

"She's trying to raise her voice to a soprano," explained the landlady. "Wait, Signor Angelo—" and she opened the door ever so little and handed him a photograph. "Mademoiselle's, in costume—" with another little laugh. "Good night. Feast on her beauty in your dreams."

"Most charming of landladies," cried Angelo. "I kiss your—your withdraw your hand? Then I kiss this blessed keyhole—and this thrice blessed picture! Signora, good night." And Angelo hurried back to his room.

For a long time he sat in darkness trembling with eagerness, with hope, with despair. Then he dared light the lamp. But even then he dared not



"When I Heard Your Heavenly High C, Little One."

look at the picture. What if that divine High C came from a throat not shaped and swan-like? What if mademoiselle had a bad nose, frizzy hair, a set and implacable mouth? Surely the gods—

"Jolie," murmured Angelo, tenderly. "With such a name she must be beautiful!" So he turned up the light and looked at the photograph. "Thou art beautiful, little one—almost as beautiful as thy supernal High C. Thy hair—it must be Titian. Thy skin—it must be as white as the moon. Thy little nose—no, it is not too retroussé. Thy little mouth—no, it is not too big."

He rose tremulously and drew the frayed tapestry across the one window. "No one must see us, little one—and no one must hear what we say." He went to the door and stuffed his handkerchief into the keyhole, then returned to the picture, which he clasped with eager fingers. "Little one, I introduce myself to you. I am only Angelo—but I had the bliss of being born in Milan the musical, the divine. I have been in this terrifying America long years trying to teach the art of singing, trying to build voices where there are none, trying to create High C's half as round and full as yours. Alas, the unkind horror of it all!" He hurried to the door, took his handkerchief from the keyhole, wiped the tears from his eyes, then stuffed it into the keyhole again.

"Most exquisite of mademoiselles!" he exclaimed, returning and pressing the picture to his breast, "I am poor—frantically. I am old—dreadfully. I am ugly—unspeakably. But I cherish a superb ambition! Listen, little one. Almost one year ago I gave up teaching—forever. I saved a little money on which I planned to live one year—one year to the day, the hour, the minute. In this year I was to write the great opera. The theme had haunted me for a quarter of a century. It had dogged, deafened, blinded, choked, stifled me, demanding my life, my soul, until I had to surrender myself to it unreservedly. The great opera had to be written. It had to write itself—through me. But alas, where should I find the voice? I began the awful search. I went to operas, musical comedies, churches and concerts. The days, the weeks, the months slipped by—and I found it not. I hunted for it everywhere—in the street, in poverty's holes. In vain. So to-night with but one week of my year left I had given up hope when I heard your heavenly High C, little one—and oh, the burden it lifted from my soul. In this one little week I shall write the great

opera—but you must not fail me! For at the year's beginning I vowed that if at its end I had not written the opera and found the voice, I should die. See, here is the pistol, loaded—here, beside you on the table—Hush! your High C again?" He listened. "No, only my imagination! Well, I kiss your lily hand anyway—ah, you have no hand? Your cherry lips, you say? No, no, I am not worthy. Just the hem of your garment—ah, but I see you haven't any on! See, as a compromise, I kiss the name of the photographer. Thrice happy man to have kissed you!"

Angelo placed Mlle. Jolie upon his little old wobbly piano, draped a wreath of withered autumn leaves around her, blew out the light, drew back the window curtain, then in a moonbeam sat down to compose. The Muses must have been waiting round about, for in a moment he was playing softly. The inspiration fairly flowed. Angelo was in heaven. That greatest of joys, the joy of artistic creation, was his. He played a long time—until the moon went down. Then by the yellow lamplight he wrote down what he had played.

For two days and a night he slept but little and ate nothing: the divine fire needs no replenishing! The happiness that the years had denied him was his at last to measureless extent. Like Israel's, his heart-strings were a lute, and the Cosmos itself was busy playing upon him!

The second night he felt a quite earthly faintness within him. "I am not hungry, little one," he said to Mademoiselle Jolie, "it is simply my stomach."

Early next morning there was a knock on Angelo's door. He knew the landlady's peremptory tap, so, slivering with terror, did not answer. But the landlady knew Angelo, too. She threw a little card through the transom—and then laughed that jarring laugh of hers.

"A ticket to the vaudeville to-night, signor," she called. "Mademoiselle Jolie, who is much interested in you, wants you to hear her new song."

Angelo sat motionless. With horror-struck eyes he gazed at the ticket on the floor. It was red. It seemed to burn. It seemed to burn into him. Vaudeville! A ten-cent show! Instinctively he put on his goggles and stuffed his ears with cotton. Go? Never!

He awoke late the next morning. The most golden of sunbeams lay across him, but alas! the landlady's strident voice was calling him through the transom.

"Signor Angelo!"

"Yes."

"Mademoiselle Jolie was terribly cut up because you weren't at the vaudeville last night. She leaves for a swing around the circuit the end of the week and wants to see you before she goes."

All that day he worked feverishly, unremittently. That night the compassionate gods pressed down his eyelids and made him sleep. In the morning he dared write a little note to Mademoiselle Jolie stating that he should do himself the honor of calling on her that night after the theater. More singular still, he dared tiptoe down the hall and slip it under her door.

That evening with the ending of Angelo's year came the finishing of Angelo's opera. The wretched little piano was glad. So was Angelo's scratchy pen. So must have been the overworked muses.

In the remains of his ancient dress suit Angelo, primed, pruned and primed, waxed, polished and perfumed, sat waiting. He was dreadfully excited. He was hot and cold by turns. But he was resolute.

As the clock struck 11 he heard footsteps on the stairs. They were rather heavy, but whose could they be but Mademoiselle's? He waited awhile so she might have time to change her frock, then with a glacier around his heart and a mountain in his throat he went out to the hall.

Yes, there was the light under her door. In a daze, a maze—somehow—he moved toward it, knocked, entered and found himself face to face with a vision of loveliness beyond the wildest dreams of amorous sultans.

"Say, old man, this is too good," laughed Mademoiselle Jolie, in her deepest contralto. "You're daffy on me, ain't you? Well, look here." And she took off her golden hair, her bosom and her hips. "Say, grandpa, I'm just a nice, clever little half-way decent man, that's all—Willie Wilkins, the greatest female impersonator on earth!"

### No "Peaceful" Boycott There.

This significant news item relative to the ending of the Chinese boycott against Japanese goods was printed in a Shanghai newspaper: "Although order has been restored in Hongkong, the fear struck into the hearts of owners and employees of shops in Canton and Macao selling Japanese goods has been such, owing to the conduct of the secret society men in Hongkong, that in both cities the shops in question have taken down their sign boards. The 'Do or Die' men have, however, given out that they are ready to cut off the ears of all offenders the moment they are discovered trafficking in the forbidden goods."

## St. Patrick Ireland's Patron Saint

HE personage whose natal day is celebrated with such enthusiasm by our Irish citizens was unquestionably the brightest luminary that adorned the Emerald Isle, for by his almost herculean labors he rescued that land from paganism. Some uncertainty exists as to the date and place of Patrick's birth. The most reliable historians, however, concur in the belief that he was born about the year 396 in the British-Roman province of Valentia, at a place near the Clyde, not far from the modern Dumbarton, called from him Kilpatrick.

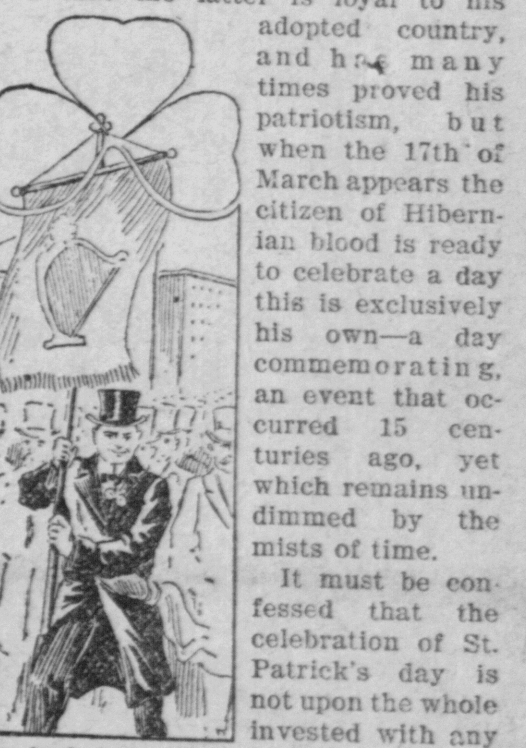
About the year 422 he began his missionary work of converting the pagans of Ireland to Christianity. It is said that during his stay in the island he founded 365 churches, baptized with his own hands more than 1,200 persons and ordained a great number of priests. He died about the year 469 at a place called Saul, near Downpatrick, and his relics were preserved at that place till the time of the Reformation.

It is but natural that the land which produced a Fingal and an Ossian should abound in legends of the great missionary who taught the Christian religion to the Irish pagans—stories, some of which are surrounded with an atmosphere of beauty, others that are wild and ridiculous. His explanation of the Trinity to his hearers, whose simple minds could not conceive of the existence of three in one, was timely and satisfactory. Plucking a stem of the shamrock from the earth at his feet, he pointed out to his congregation the three leaves growing from the one stalk, by that simple illustration bringing the members of his flock to a realization of a Triune God. Since then that trefoil plant has been sacred, and together with the harp has been the emblem of the Emerald Isle.

As long as the shamrock continues to spring from the soil of Erin the true Celt will observe the yearly recurring holiday that is supposed to mark the anniversary of the birth of Ireland's patron saint. It is true that many well-informed Irishmen will tell us that the 17th of March is not celebrated as the birthday of Patrick, because it is by no means certain that it is the correct date; but that the day is merely set apart as a time upon which to honor the old saint's memory. But, be that as it may, the majority of people, and perhaps a majority of the Irish, consider it the birthday anniversary of Ireland's great evangelist. What the Fourth of July is to the true-born American St. Patrick's day is to both the native Irishman and the Irish-American. It is true that the latter is loyal to his adopted country, and has many times proved his patriotism, but when the 17th of March appears the citizen of Hibernian blood is ready to celebrate a day this is exclusively his own—a day commemorating an event that occurred 15 centuries ago, yet which remains undimmed by the mists of time.

It must be confessed that the celebration of St. Patrick's day is not upon the whole invested with any marked degree of sanctity by its participants—that is apparent at least to American eyes. Of course, upon that occasion appropriate ceremonies are conducted in the churches with becoming reverence, but to Irishmen as a whole the anniversary of the old saint's nativity is looked forward to as a day for participating in all the pomp and pageantry of the street parade, in which the green flag with the harp and shamrock shares the honors of the day with the Star and Stripes of the Mifflinian adopted country.

Looked at from a meteorological point of view the festival of the canonized Patrick's birth enjoys a distinction that is by no means mythical. Those who have long made a study of the weather and its vagaries can testify that the 17th of March as it appears each year is, as a rule, characterized by storms of either rain or snow, or gales of wind. The few exceptions to this phenomenon only prove the rule. It is a boisterous department of the elements on that day, however, are easily accounted for by the fact that the eternal equinox is then near at hand, when elemental and atmospheric disturbances are liable to occur.





## REVIEW OF REPORTS OF YESTERDAY'S LYNCHING

Being a Reproduction of the Associated Press Reports Together With Other Comments From Various Other Sources.

The News of yesterday handled the story of the lynching as best it could in a local way, though did not endeavor to elaborate minor details or quote statements from officers and others informed regarding the affair. We were woefully imposed upon by other papers over the country who knew that we were disposed to show them every possible courtesy, even to the neglect of our own publication. All matter relating to the affair which the people will care to know, however, will be given from time to time and the readers of the News may rest assured that we will give the facts as nearly as they can be ascertained.

In getting hold of a story as important as this it seems almost impossible for the large papers to get all their statements correct in the first reports.

In connecting reports and reviewing the facts it should be borne in mind that the statement of Oscar Peeler, relative to the guilt of the four men mobbed, was made after the lynching, and that it corroborated the evidence possessed by the county attorney's office, and that it was absolutely contrary to his previous statements. The evidence produced in the preliminary hearing of Miller will be published verbatim in order that the public may be relieved of any possible doubt as to the guilt of the persons lynched.

The associated press report of the lynching which appeared in the daily papers over the United States this morning is a very fair and reasonably correct account of the lynching. We produce the report in full here with:

Ada, Okla., April 19.—This morning between 2 and 3 o'clock a mob of masked men, estimated from thirty to forty in number, stormed the Pontotoc county jail, overpowered the four guards, Bob Nestor, Walter Goynes, Jim McCarty and Joe Carter, took the keys of the jail from them and proceeded to take four prisoners from jail and hang them.

The men hanged were Jim Miller, Joe Allen, Jesse West and B. B. Burrwell, all under arrest in connection with the assassination of A. A. (Gus) Bobbitt near this city on Feb. 27.

The jail is located at the rear of the court house and is accessible both from the rear and through the front hall of the court house.

The mob was literally choking the hall of the court house before the guards were aware of its presence in the city. Leaving men stationed

on the outside of the court house and to the rear of the jail, the masked men quickly overcame the four guards, who put up a stiff resistance as possible.

One guard, Bob Nestor, received a severe blow on his head with a revolver and was left stunned. At the point of their guns the mob forced one guard to open the jail doors. Having secured entrance, they told Miller, Allen, West and Burrwell to dress and prepare for death.

**West Resists Mob.**  
The doomed men dressed as quickly as possible, made no resistance that the guards could hear, with the exception of Jesse West, who fought the mob fiercely and had to be beaten on the head with guns before he could be taken from the jail.

Leaving the guards tied and bound, the mob then took the men to the Frisco barn, a deserted every stable not thirty feet from the jail, and there hanged them to the rafters. The wounds of Guard Nestor were dressed this morning and he is resting easy.

Before ridding the jail the mob had apparently taken pains to map out every detail. Two masked men were sent to the power plant of the Ada Electric and Gas Company, who, at the point of their revolvers, forced the night engineer to cut off the circuit lighting the streets, thus leaving the city in darkness. The lights remained off an hour or more and during the temporary darkness the lynching was done and the mob dispersed.

**Bodies Are Found.**

The bodies of the victims of the raid were found at an early hour this morning hanging dead in the Frisco barn and were cut down and taken to the undertaking establishment of L. T. Walters, where they now lie.

No shots were fired during the raid and everything was carried out in accordance with seemingly carefully laid plans. The town is quiet, but a gloom hangs over it such as was never before felt.

All of the members of the mob are thought to have been out of town parties, as they were mounted.

The examining trial of Jim Miller, charged with the killing of Gus Bobbitt and one of last night's victims, was had here before Justice of the Peace H. J. Brown last week and Miller was bound over without bail.

Justice of the Peace Brown made an order excluding the testimony from the newspapers, but the trial was attended by the largest crowd that ever attended a criminal prosecution in this city.

**Spectators Searched.**

Officers of the court searched every man who entered the courtroom for guns before he was allowed to enter.

Gus Bobbitt, the assassinated man, had been a former United States Marshal for the Southern District of the old Indian Territory appointed under Cleveland's Administration. He was a vigilant officer and made many enemies among some of the early settlers of this country. On Feb. 27, or thereabouts, he was shot from ambush, with bullet shot from a double-barreled shotgun near his home, seven miles south of Ada, from behind a clump of trees near the roadside. Bloodhounds brought to the scene could not take up the scent. The murdered man told his wife, who reached here before he died, that he had been killed by a man who killed him at two of his eyes of the plot.

FROM THE OLD  
ADA TITLE AND  
Ada, Tex., by  
rs and was

brought here B. B. Burrwell, another of last night's victims, was also captured at Fort Worth about the same time Burrwell had been associated with Miller for some time past, Joe Allen and Jesse West are citizens of Canadian City, Tex. They were captured in Oklahoma City about April 6 or 7.

The county attorney of this (Pontotoc) county, learning that Allen and West were in Oklahoma City, and had phoned or written for an attorney from this city to come up to see them. Immediately phoned a description of the two men to the Oklahoma City officers, who captured the men one night and brought them to Ada next day.

Allen and West resided in this part of old Indian Territory years ago. B. B. Burrwell one of last night's victims, had formerly lived in Dallas, Tex. All the men who were lynched are said to be men of means.

**Statement of Lee West.**  
Lee West, a night policeman of this city, relative to the lynching of four men, at this place last night, says: "The first I knew of the trouble at the jail was when I saw a bunch of masked men going into the front hall of the courthouse. This was somewhere near 2 o'clock this morning. I was on Main street about a half block and across Townsend avenue from the courthouse. I went down to see what was the matter. I followed on into the hall of the courthouse.

"When I had gone about one-third of the distance of the hall, I was suddenly covered with what looked to me to be about ten or twelve guns. I asked what all this trouble meant. They told me it was none of my d-d business, and for me to get out quick.

"I retreated to the front of the building, and proceeded back up on Main street, where I met County Judge Terrell, Judge Terrell and I both went back into the hall of the courthouse, where he tried to persuade the mob to do nothing wrong. He told them there were men in the jail who were probably innocent and who ought not to be hurt in any way without a fair trial. The mob then told Judge Terrell that it didn't want to hear anything out of him and ordered us both out.

"Judge Terrell and I then went out of the building and I went out on Main street. The next I knew about what happened was when the guard, Walter Goynes, came out of the building and told me to phone for a doctor, that Bob Nestor had been severely out in the head.

"I then went back to the jail and phoned for a doctor. All the doors of the jail, the front wall doors, were open.

After I first came out of the hall of the building I noticed that all the street lights had been cut off. I never saw any of the mob leave the courthouse or the jail, as it was completely dark."

**Statement of Bob Nestor.**

Bob Nestor, one of the guards at the jail, last night said:

"I sleep in the little room at the rear of the jail. I am not a regular guard at the jail, but guard some. Last night about 2 o'clock I was awakened by three or four men pulling the cover off me. I thought it was some of the boys and told them they would get in trouble if they did not watch out. They were feeling over my bed and told me to get up. I noticed then they had masks on.

"I still thought it was some of the boys playing a prank on me and told them that was a devilish good way to get in trouble, wearing a mask. I noticed that they had Goynes's guns and were trying to get mine, and I realized for the first time what was up.

"I slipped by guns under my bed the best I could, but they must have seen me for they hit me over the head with their guns.

**Statement of Joe Carter.**  
Joe Carter, another one of the four guards at the jail last night, says concerning the lynching: "The first I knew of the presence of the mob last night was at 2:10 this morning when six masked men

suddenly appeared at the waiting room in the run-around near the cells, and covered me and Jim McCarty with their guns. McCarty and I had the watch for this part of the night. They told us to step aside and hand over the keys of the jail. I told them we had no keys, that a gentleman in another room had the keys.

"At this moment about twenty more men appeared thronging through the hall of the yard and from everywhere else, it seemed to me, saying:

"Keep quiet, men and give up the keys."

"The men were all masked. They kept me and McCarty under cover of their guns and proceeded to wake up Walter Goynes and Bob Nestor and took the keys away from them.

"Nestor rose from his bed with his gun and the masked men hit him over the head with their guns and left him stunned. The men forced Goynes to open the heavy lever doors to the cells.

"They then took Miller from his cell and fastened a rope around his neck and bound his hands at his back with balling wire.

"Jesse West was the next man taken out, and the mob says:

"Tell us what you know about his," West says:

"I'll tell you nothing."

"They then hit him over the head with their six shooters and said:

"D— you, tell us what you know about it," West repeated:

"I will tell you nothing," and made a fight with the mob.

"The rest of the prisoners then began to plead for their lives.

"Then I rushed through and went out on the street for help, where I met the two night policemen, and we all went back and got about one-third of the distance down the hall of the court house, when we were again held up and commanded retreated or they would kill us. We retreated and I never say any of the mob leave the court house or jail as it was totally dark on the streets."

**Statement of Walter Goynes.**

Walter Goynes one of the guards at the Pontotoc County jail last night.

(Continued on Page Three.)

**A TELEGRAM.**

The following telegram came to Ada this afternoon from Mr. J. B. Wilson of Pecos, Texas.

Frank Jones, cashier of the Ada National bank stated that many years ago that he knew this Mr. Wilson and that he was highly responsible and one of the largest cattle men of the greater cattle district of Texas.

Pecos, Tex., April 20, 1909. County Attorney Ada, Okla.: I congratulate your citizens on having rid the country of one of the coldest blooded cut throats that ever successfully defied the criminal laws of Texas. Oklahoma is up to date. J. B. WILSON

## Fresh Candies

We have just received a fresh supply of the following candies:  
Vassar Supreme Chocolates ..... 85c Lb. Box  
Ramers Fine Chocolates ..... 75c Lb. Box  
King's Chocolates and Bonbons ..... 75c Lb. Box  
Fletcher's Chocolates ..... 50c Lb. Box  
Milk Made Kisses ..... 25c Box  
Hershey's Milk Chocolates ..... 5 and 10c Package  
Big Bitter Sweet Chocolate ..... 5c Package  
Chocolate Nougat ..... 5c  
Turkish Nougat Bar ..... 5c  
Marshmallows ..... 10c Box  
Swissettes ..... 10c Box  
Knut Butter Candy ..... 5 and 10c Bags  
Hand Pulled Butter Scotch ..... 5 and 10c  
Violet Breath Perfume ..... 5 and 10c Pkgs.  
Chewing Gum of all kinds ..... 5c

## RAMSEY'S DRUG STORE

## GOOD CLOTHES For Men and Young Men

TWO piece suits are hard to make because the material and "innards" are light weight. A lot of planning is necessary to make the inside so that the outside shall hold its shape. The shoulders too, are hard to manage—liable to be "bunchy."

## Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits

made for us are made to fit right and hold their shape. The coats have substantial hair cloth fronts that won't break and the shoulders are carefully built into form.

Two Piece Suits from ..... : 18.50 to \$30  
Other Good Makes from ..... : \$10 to 18.50

John B. Stetson Hats ..... \$4.00 to \$6.00  
M. Gambel Hats ..... \$3.00  
W. L. Douglas Shoes ..... \$3.50  
Burk & Packard warranted Patent Tan Oxford \$4.00

## I. HARRIS

SPECIALIST IN GOOD CLOTHES  
A full line of Children's Clothes ..... \$3 to \$10

## Hot and Cold Stuff

Manufacturers of Ice  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Coal  
Long Distance Phone 29

## Adalce and Fuel Co.

Note - We are doing business on a strictly cash basis. Please arrange to settle for ice as it is delivered; drivers must either turn in cash or coupons. Buy Coupon Books as it will save you money after April 18th. Books for residences—200, 300 and 500 pounds.

## Money to Loan on Farm Lands and City Property

Buy and Sell Farm Lands and City Property.  
Rent Farms and City Property.  
Special attention given to Collecting Accounts.  
Fire and Tornado Insurance.

Yours for business.  
Office—Home Abstract and Real Estate Co., First Nat'l Bank Building

## E. J. Bowers

## Use White Swan and Wapco Brand of Goods

and you are sure of getting the best on the market

## Waples-Platter Grocer Co.

Ada, Oklahoma

## Hot Weather

Calls for gasoline and oil cook stoves; I have them and prices are always right.

R. E. Haynes, "the Hardware Man" ADA, OKLA.

**REXALL**  
CELERY  
AND  
IRON TONIC



Not only invigorates the nervous system, but also builds up the blood and invigorates the general constitution. It increases the appetite and strengthens the digestive system. Is guaranteed to give satisfaction or your \$1.00 refunded.

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We Run a Drug Store and Nothing More.  
"THE REXALL STORE."



# The Ada News

Evening Edition, except Sunday  
Week 7 Publication, Thursday

OFFICE: Weaver-Masonic Block, 12th and Broadway

OTIS B. WEAVER, EDITOR AND OWNER

TERMS: Weekly, the year, \$1.00 Daily, the week, 10c. Daily, the year, \$4.00

Daily delivered in city by carrier every evening except Sunday.  
The Weekly will be sent to responsible subscribers until ordered discontinued and all arrears are paid

Entered as Second Class matter, March 20, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Oklahoma under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



## ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Yesterday Howard Parker, who's got the job of state reporter of Oklahoma, before that being for several years city editor of this paper, phoned Otis Weaver, editor of such publication that the associated press which is the leading news disseminator of the world was including in its report of the action of the dispatchers of assassins in substance that the mob that did it was formed in the commercial club rooms of the city, and was composed of the leading members of such commercial organization.

After talking with several thoughtful conservative business citizens it was agreed that the News should phone Mr. Cutler, Western representative of the associated press at Kansas City in general denial of such allegation. The Associated press was talked to at length and it is hoped that the Associated press reports reproduced in larger part in this issue is reasonably satisfactory to the hundreds of county and near county citizens who have already read them through the day's metropolitan papers.

## Bodies Removed.

The body of J. B. Miller was shipped to his home in Fort Worth, Texas, last evening according to direction of his widow, that of B. B. Burrell to Weatherford where his mother and brother reside. The bodies of West and Allen are being held at the undertaking parlors awaiting the arrival of their widows who were supposed to have arrived here this afternoon, but failed to do so. The report is current that they will not come to Ada, but will receive the bodies at Holdenville.

## DID RIGHT.

Joel Terrell, county judge and Robt. Wimbish, county attorney went all the way in the undertaking to postpone the departure of the victims of the late tragedy until the time when the law could take its course. The public will commend their actions.

Try a News "Want Ad."

# CHAPMAN

## The Shoe Man

East Main Street, Ada, Okla.

## SOME REASONS WHY IT PAYS THE FARMER TO HAVE A TELEPHONE

The dollars saved keeping in touch with the markets will pay the price many fold.

In case of an emergency when a doctor or neighbor is needed, life or property may be saved.

The telephone has done away with the old time isolation that handicapped social life in the country and drove young people to the city.

It is then a saver of life, money and property and is a pleasure to all the family. For information regarding rates and manner of securing the service consult with your nearest local manager.

PIONEER TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

## TESTIMONY IN MILLER CASE

BEING A VERBATIM REPORT OF EVIDENCE INTRODUCED IN PRELIMINARY TRIAL OF J. B. MILLER.

R. L. Ferguson being first duly sworn testifies as follows:

Q What is your name?  
A Ferguson.  
Q Where do you live?  
A At Lawrence.  
Q Where did you live during the latter days of February, 1909?  
A Down there at Lawrence.  
Q Did you know Gus Bobbitt during his life time?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q Is he living or dead.  
A Dead.  
Q When did he die?  
A The night of the 27th of February.

Q This year?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q What state and county?  
A Oklahoma and Pontotoc county.  
Q What was the cause of his death?

A He was shot.  
Q How was he shot?  
A He was shot with a shot gun.  
Q What kind of a shot gun, if you know?  
A I don't know.  
Q Did you see where he was shot?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q Where was it?  
A Over the left hip, just above the left hip bone, and one shot in the leg.

Q Just one load of shot?  
A One in his hip and the other in his right leg.  
Q Where was he when he was shot?

A He was about 600 yards this side of his ranch, his home place.  
Q What was he doing.  
A He was driving along in his wagon.  
Q Where were you?

A Behind him in another wagon.  
Q From the place where he was shot, where did he die?  
A He died right where he fell off his wagon.  
Q How long did he live after he was shot?  
A About an hour and a half.  
Q Were you present when he was shot?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q You may state just how he was shot, describe the situation in your own language.  
Q Me and him were driving along the road, he had hired me to haul a load of cake and he had a load of cake.

Q How much cake did he have?  
A 1500.  
Q How much did you have?  
A 1500.  
Q Who was in front?  
A He was in front. He was driving along just about the length of the wagon, a little more than the length of the wagon and team ahead of me; part of the time I was up against his wagon, and part of the time he was 10 or 12 steps ahead of me.

We were driving along, we hadn't spoken in about 300 yards. The first thing I noticed, I seen the fire of a gun from behind an elm tree that stood to the left of the road.

Q How far from the road?  
A Eight steps from the road to the tree.

Q How far was that tree from the point where Bobbitt fell?  
A Twelve steps. I was behind him about eight steps from the tree.

Q That is where you were when the first gun fired?  
A Yes, sir. Mr. Bobbitt fell off his wagon and his team ran away; my team wheeled out of the road and I jumped out of the wagon.

Q How many shots were fired?  
A Two.  
Q You didn't describe the two shots.

A I said there were two shots fired.  
Q How much intermission between those two shots?  
A Very little, one just after the other, about as fast as a gun could shoot.

Q Where was the party standing that fired?  
A Behind this elm tree.  
Q Did you see anybody there?  
A Not right then I didn't, I drove on up even, Mr. Bobbitt was lying on the ground, I raised up and looked over the wagon, and a man came out from behind the tree, and made three steps toward me and toward Mr. Bobbitt, and then went up the branch.

Q What position was he in when he made these steps?  
A He was stooped over, bent down.

Q Show how he was bent over.  
A He came out just about this way, bent down, looked to be bare headed.

Q What time did you and Mr. Bobbitt leave town that evening?  
A We left here a little before half past five o'clock.

Q Do you know about what time it was when you reached the Shumons Crossing?  
A No sir, I don't, it was a little while before sun down, I don't know exactly what time it was.

Q Do you know where Rocky branch is?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q What time was it when you reached Rocky branch?  
A I don't know exactly what time it was.

Q Had the sun gone down?  
A No, sir.  
Q After you crossed Rocky branch did you meet any one, if so, where was it?

A We met a man just after we crossed the branch, passed the corner of the field.

Q How far past the corner of that field did you pass the man?  
A We had gone about 30 steps past the corner of the field.

Q You met a man?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q How was the man traveling?  
A Horseback.

Q What direction was he going?  
A Going north, coming towards town.

Q What direction were you and Mr. Bobbitt coming?  
A South.

Q What side of you did he pass on?  
A On the left side. On the east side of the road.

Q Did he speak to you?  
A He spoke to Mr. Bobbitt, he didn't speak to me.

Q What kind of a horse was he riding?  
A Brown looking horse. I didn't pay much attention to the horse.

Q Did you notice anything about the saddle?  
A He had something that looked like a slicker tied up behind the saddle when I first seen him.

Q What was it?  
A It looked more like a buggy cap

tain stuff. I thought it was a slicker at first, but afterwards it looked like a buggy curtain, the white was on the outside.

Q Did he have anything about his neck?

A There was a handkerchief about his neck, and had a collar and tie on, his neck and had a collar and tie on.

A A striped tie and a long tie, white collar, and a white handkerchief tied up around his neck.

Q Did he have any thing in his hand?

A He had a handkerchief in his left hand.

Q What was he doing with it?  
A Wiping his eye.

Q Which eye?  
A Left eye.

Q Was that the eye towards you and Mr. Bobbitt?

A Yes, sir.

Q After he passed you, what direction did you and Mr. Bobbitt go?

A South.

Q The regular Rock and Ada road?

A Yes, sir.

Q Where did you leave that road after you left it?

Q Didn't you leave the road after got nearly to Mr. Bobbitt's house, about half a mile this side of Mr. Bobbitt's house, left that road and taken a left hand road.

Q Didn't you leave the road after you crossed the creek?

A Went up through a field.

Q You left the road then?

A Yes, sir, went through the field to a house and then went on.

Q What house?

A I don't know, Mr. Cantrell built the house.

Q What corner of the field?

A Northeast corner.

Q Where did you leave that field?

A On the west side.

Q How did you get out?

A Through a wire gate.

Q At any time going through that field or after you got to the wire gate, did you see anybody else?

A I seen a man riding out on top of the hill at the far end of the lane and taken the right hand road from there; he was horseback.

Q What time was that?

A After sun down.

Q Could you or not distinguish who that man was?

A No, I couldn't tell any thing about him, a man on a horse is all I could tell.

Q Do you know where Jess Glover lives?

A Yes, sir.

Q How far does he live from Park-ell switch?

A I suppose 150 or 200 yards the other side.

Q North or south?

A South.

Q Did you see him as you passed his house?

A Yes, sir.

Q What was he doing?

A Watering his horses.

Q How far was it from the place where you met the man in the road to where Mr. Bobbitt was killed?

A About 3 or 4 1-2 miles, I don't know exactly.

Q Do you know where the old house is on the opposite side of the road to where Rollins lives?

A Yes, sir.

Q How far from that place to where Bobbitt was killed?

A About 3 1-4 miles.

Q How far is it to where Mr. Glover lives to where Mr. Bobbitt was killed?

A About a mile, a little bit over a mile, it isn't two miles, between a mile and two miles, somewhere.

Q I will ask you if you see the man in the court room that you met that evening on that horse?

A Yes, sir.

Q Where is he?

A Right over there.

Q What is his name?

A I couldn't tell you.

Q What is he reputed to be named; what is he said to be named?

A Miller is what I have heard his name was; I don't know the man.

(Continued Tomorrow)

From General Cross.

Guthrie, Okla., April 19.—Capt. J. C. Cates, Ada, Okla. My dear friend and comrade: Your letter of the 15th just received and accept my thanks for your kind invitation to be with you on the 22nd.

If I am able, and I know of no

City

MEAT MARKET

Daggs Bldg.

WEST MAIN ST.

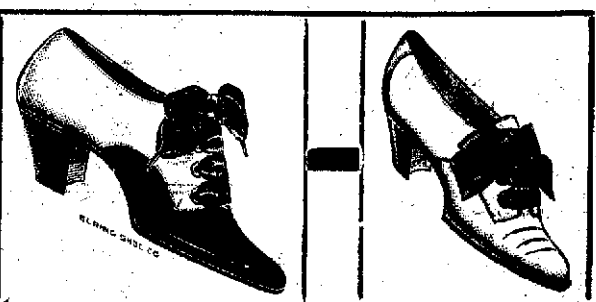
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## The Grand Leader

ADA, OKLAHOMA

reason why I should not be with you at the time specified.

Trusting that your performance will be a success and that we will soon be able to commence building our home for our old comrades, and with kindest regards to every one, believe me, your friend and comrade.

Wm. M. CROSS.

Major General.

## CEMENT NEWS COLUMN

NEWS CONCERNING ADA'S GREAT PORTLAND CEMENT MILL ITS EMPLOYEES AND THEIR FAMILIES.

Geo. Emery's wife and baby are sick.

Dick Miller is the miller in the finishing room.

J. O. Gray, of the boiler room, is off sick with the mumps.

Mrs. Fred Ford, who has been sick for some time, is getting better.

Jack Matthews, of the packing house, is off on account of sickness.

Tom Emery, foreman of the quarry was in town on business yesterday.

Ed Perryman, of the machine shop, reported for work after being out a couple of days sick.

The two new boiler mills arrived for the finishing room and are being unpacked and placed today.

The concrete construction has begun on the large piers of the extension of the stone track at the crusher.

## Nevada Postponed.

The home talent play, "Nevada" has been postponed from tonight till Saturday night, on account of the inclement weather.

Try a News "Want Ad"

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A LAWN HOSE.  
A WATER COOLER.  
A REFRIGERATOR.  
AN OIL OR GASOLINE STOVE.  
POULTRY NETTING.  
SCREEN WIRE, OR  
ANYTHING ELSE IN THE  
HARDWARE LINE, YOU CAN  
GET IT AT THE LOWEST  
CASH PRICES FROM

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# Mademoiselle Jolie's High C

By John Louis Berry

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Ah-h-h-h-h!"

The note was long, loud, clear, full and smooth. With its sudden, brilliant attack and soft, gradual cadence it disturbed fantastically the silence of the night.

"As God lives," cried Angelo, "the High C of my dreams!"

He rushed into the hall and knocked staccato against the landlady's door. She knew that knock of Angelo's.

"I'm going to bed, signor," she called, cruelly, "Good night."

"One word, most merciful of landladies!" begged Angelo. "See, so as not to wake your blessed and respectable roomers, I fall on my knees and whisper through the keyhole. That High C—that heavenly High C! Whose was it?"

The landlady laughed—most irreverently and irreverently, thought Angelo. "Mlle. Jolie's," she answered.

"Mademoiselle came here only to-day. She's contralto soloist at the ten-cent vaudeville."

"Contralto!" groaned Angelo. "But that High C! Coloratura or nothing!"

"She's trying to raise her voice to a soprano," explained the landlady. "Wait, Signor Angelo—"

and she opened the door ever so little and handed him a photograph. "Mademoiselle's, in costume—"

with another little laugh. "Good night. Feast on her beauty in your dreams."

"Most charming of landladies," cried Angelo. "I kiss you—you withdraw your hand? Then I kiss this blessed keyhole—and thus thrice blessed picture! Signora, good night." And Angelo hurried back to his room.

For a long time he sat in darkness trembling with eagerness, with hope, with despair. Then he dared light the lamp. But even then he dared not

look at the picture. What if that divine High C came from a throat not so shapely and swan-like? What if mademoiselle had a bad nose, frizzy hair, a set and implacable mouth? Surely the gods—

"Jolie," murmured Angelo, tenderly. "With such a name she must be beautiful!" So he turned up the light and looked at the photograph. "Thou art beautiful, little one—almost as beautiful as thy supernatural High C. Thy hair—it must be Italian. Thy skin—it must be as white as the moon. Thy little nose—no, it is not too reticent. Thy little mouth—no, it is not too big."

He rose tremulously and drew the "rayed tapestry across the one window. "No one must see us, little one—and no one must hear what we say." He went to the door and stuffed his handkerchief into the keyhole, then returned to the picture, which he clasped with eager fingers. "Little one, I introduce myself to you. I am only Angelo—but I had the bliss of being born in Milan the musical, the divine. I have been in this terrifying America long years trying to teach the art of singing, trying to build voices where there are none, trying to create High C's half as round and full as yours. Alas, the unkind horror of it all!" He hurried to the door, took his handkerchief from the keyhole, wiped the tears from his eyes, then stuffed it into the keyhole again.

"Most exquisite of mademoiselles!" he exclaimed, returning and pressing the picture to his breast. "I am poor—frantically. I am old—dreadfully. I am ugly—unspeakably. But I cherish a superb ambition! Listen, little one. Almost one year ago I gave up teaching—forever. I saved a little money on which I planned to live one year—one year to the day, the hour, the minute. In this year I was to write the great opera. The theme had haunted me for a quarter of a century. It had dogged, deafened, blinded, choked, stifled me, demanding my life, my soul, until I had to surrender myself to it unreservedly. The great opera had to be written: It had to write itself—through me. But alas, where should I find the voice? I began the awful search. I went to operas, musical comedies, churches and concerts. The days, the weeks, the months slipped by—and I found it not. I hunted for it everywhere—in the street, in poverty's holes, in vain. So tonight with but one week of my year left I had given up hope when I heard your heavenly High C, little one—and oh, the burden it lifted from my soul. In this one little week I shall write the great

opera—but you must not fail me! For at the year's beginning I vowed that if at its end I had not written the opera and found the voice, I should die. See, here is the pistol, loaded—here, beside you on the table—hush! your High C again?" He listened. "No, only my imagination! Well, I kiss your hand anyway—ah, you have no hand? Your cherry lips, you say? No, no, I am not worthy. Just the hem of your garment—eh, but I see you haven't any on! See, as a compromise, I kiss the name of the photographer. Thrice happy man to have kissed you!"

Angelo placed Mlle. Jolie upon his little old wobbly piano, draped a wreath of withered autumn leaves around her, blew out the light, drew back the window curtain, then in a moonbeam sat down to compose. The Muses must have been waiting round about, for in a moment he was playing softly. The inspiration fairly flowed. Angelo was in heaven. That greatest of joys, the joy of artistic creation, was his. He played a long time—until the moon went down. Then by the yellow lamplight he wrote down what he had played.

For two days and a night he slept but little and ate nothing. The happiness that the years had denied him was his at last to measureless extent. Like Israel's, his heart-strings were a lute, and the Cosmos itself was busy playing upon him!

The second night he felt a quite earthly faintness within him. "I am not hungry, little one," he said to Mademoiselle Jolie, "it is simply my stomach."

Early next morning there was a knock on Angelo's door. He knew the landlady's peremptory tap, so, slithering with terror, did not answer. But the landlady knew Angelo, too. She threw a little card through the transom—and then laughed that jarring laugh of hers.

"A ticket to the vaudeville to-night, signor," she called. "Mademoiselle Jolie, who is much interested in you, wants you to hear her new song."

Angelo sat motionless. With horror-struck eyes he gazed at the ticket on the floor. It was red. It seemed to burn. It seemed to burn into him. Vaudeville! A ten-cent show! Instinctively he put on his goggles and stuffed his ears with cotton. Go? Never!

He awoke late the next morning. The most golden of sunbeams lay across him, but alas! the landlady's strident voice was calling him through the transom.

"Signor Angelo!"

"Yes."

"Mademoiselle Jolie was terribly cut up because you weren't at the vaudeville last night. She leaves for a swing around the circuit the end of the week and wants to see you before she goes."

All that day he worked feverishly, unremittently. That night the compassionate gods pressed down his eyelids and made him sleep. In the morning he dared write a little note to Mademoiselle Jolie stating that he should do himself the honor of calling on her that night after the theater. More singular still, he dared tip-toe down the hall and slip it under her door.

That evening with the ending of Angelo's year came the finishing of Angelo's opera. The wretched little piano was glad. So was Angelo's scratchy pen. So must have been the overworked muses.

In the remains of his ancient dress suit Angelo, primed, pruned and primed, waxed, polished and perfumed, sat waiting. He was dreadfully excited. He was hot and cold by turns. But he was resolute.

As the clock struck 11 he heard footsteps on the stairs. They were rather heavy, but whose could they be but Mademoiselle's? He waited awhile so she might have time to change her frock, then with a glacier around his heart and a mountain in his throat he went out into the hall. Yes, there was the light under her door. In a daze, a maze—somehow—he moved toward it, knocked, entered and found himself face to face with a vision of loveliness beyond the wildest dreams of amorous sultans.

"Say, old man, this is too good," laughed Mademoiselle Jolie, in her deepest contralto. "You're daffy on me, ain't you? Well, look here."

And she took off her golden hair, her bosom and her hips. "Say, grandpa, I'm just a nice, clever little half-way decent man, that's all—Willie Wilkins, the greatest female impersonator on earth!"

No "Peaceful" Boycott There.

This significant news item relative to the ending of the Chinese boycott against Japanese goods was printed in a Shanghai newspaper: "Although order has been restored in Hongkong, the fear struck into the hearts of owners and employees of shops in Canton and Macao selling Japanese goods has been such, owing to the conduct of the secret society men in Hongkong, that in both cities the shops in question have taken down their sign boards. The 'Do or Die' men have, however, given out that they are ready to cut off the ears of all offenders the moment they are discovered trafficking in the forbidden goods."

# St. Patrick's Patron Saint

THE personage whose natal day is celebrated with such enthusiasm by our Irish citizens was unquestionably the brightest luminary that adorned the Emerald Isle, for by his almost herculean labors he rescued that land from paganism. Some uncertainty exists as to the date and place of Patrick's birth. The most reliable historians, however, concur in the belief that he was born about the year 396 in the British-Roman province of Valentia, at a place near the Clyde, not far from the modern Dumbarton, called from him Kilpatrick.

About the year 422 he began his missionary work of converting the pagans of Ireland to Christianity. It is said that during his stay in the island he founded 365 churches, baptized with his own hands more than 1,200 persons and ordained a great number of priests. He died about the year 469 at a place called Saul, near Downpatrick, and his relics were preserved at that place till the time of the Reformation.

It is but natural that the land which produced a Fingal and an Ossian should abound in legends of the great missionary who taught the Christian religion to the Irish pagans—stories, some of which are surrounded with an atmosphere of beauty, others that are wild and ridiculous. His explanation of the Trinity to his hearers, whose simple minds could not conceive of the existence of three in one, was timely and satisfactory. Plucking a stem of the shamrock from the earth at his feet, he pointed out to his congregation the three leaves growing from the one stalk, by that simple illustration bringing the members of his flock to a realization of a Triune God. Since then that trefoil plant has been sacred, and together with the harp has been the emblem of the Emerald Isle.

As long as the shamrock continues to spring from the soil of Erin the true Celt will observe the yearly recurring holiday that is supposed to mark the anniversary of the birth of Ireland's patron saint. It is true that many well-informed Irishmen will tell us that the 17th of March is not celebrated as the birthday of Patrick, because it is by no means certain that it is the correct date; but that the day is merely set apart as a time upon which to honor the old saint's memory. But, be that as it may, the majority of people, and perhaps a majority of the Irish, consider it the birthday anniversary of Ireland's great evangelist. What the Fourth of July is to the true-born American St. Patrick's day is to both the native Irishman and the Irish-American. It is true that the latter is loyal to his adopted country, and has many times proved his patriotism, but when the 17th of March appears the citizen of Hibernian blood is ready to celebrate a day this is exclusively his own—a day commemorating an event that occurred 15 centuries ago, yet which remains undimmed by the mists of time.

It must be confessed that the celebration of St. Patrick's day is not upon the whole invested with any marked degree of sanctity by its participants—that is apparent at least to American eyes. Of course, upon that occasion appropriate ceremonies are conducted in the churches with becoming reverence, but to Irishmen as a whole the anniversary of the old saint's nativity is looked forward to as a day for participating in all the pomp and pageantry of the street parade, in which the green flag with the harp and shamrock shares the honors of the day with the Star and Stripes of the Mflesian's adopted country.

Looked at from a meteorological point of view the festival of the canonized Patrick's birth enjoys a distinction that is by no means mythical. Those who have long made a study of the weather and its vagaries can testify that the 17th of March as it appears each year is, as a rule, characterized by storms of either rain or snow, or gales of wind. The few exceptions to this phenomenon only prove the rule. The boisterous deportment of the elements on that day, however, are easily accounted for by the fact that the vernal equinox is then near at hand, when elemental and atmospheric disturbances are liable to occur.

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Count von Wedel, newly appointed counselor of the German embassy at Washington, who recently arrived in this country. He succeeds Count Hatzfeldt, who has been promoted to the post of minister to Cairo, Egypt.

## KEEPS RIVAL IN JAIL

BUT IT COSTS BELLEVILLE, ILL., MERCHANT \$1.50 A DAY.

Competitor Happy in Cell—Takes Plenty of Tobacco Along and Is Willing to See Other Man Pay Costs.

Belleville, Ill.—The heart and lodging of Harry Joseph, a prisoner for debt in the Belleville jail, is being paid for at the rate of \$1.50 a day by Harry Rosenberg, who had put him there.

They are rival clothing merchants at Lebanon, Ill. Rosenberg sued Joseph for \$2,000, alleging that Joseph slandered him and said things about him which injured his credit as a merchant.

Before the case went to trial there was an agreement by which Rosenberg accepted a judgment of \$50 against Joseph. But he didn't get the money.

Joseph refused to pay, alleging that he did not have any property above the value of \$400, which was exempt from judgment under the law.

To make matters worse for Rosenberg the court decided that as Joseph had no solvable assets the costs in the case, amounting to \$28.30, would have to be paid by the plaintiff.

So, instead of being \$50 ahead as a result of the litigation, Rosenberg was out money.

"Isn't there any way, I can get even with him?" he asked his lawyer.

"Yes, you might use a capias ad satisfaciendum on him."

"Is that a single-barreled or a double-barreled weapon?"

"Single, I think. I'll look it up," said the lawyer.

Rosenberg told him to go ahead. Too late he learned that the weapon was double-barreled.

Under the authority of an old statute the capias was served on Joseph. This provides that in a case where a debt is contracted through a violation of the law the person to whom the money is owed can have the debtor imprisoned for a term not to exceed one year. But he must pay the debtor's board to the state.

Joseph was taken to the Belleville jail and locked up. He kissed his wife and baby boy good-by and took with him a plentiful supply of smoking tobacco, books and magazines.

As he was being taken into the jail he said:

"All right. I'll stay here as long as Rosenberg pays the bill. Business is bad anyway, and I might as well loaf in jail."

Joseph's imprisonment has presented a strange legal tangle to members of the Belleville bar. It is the first time the statute has ever been enforced in St. Claire county and lawyers are talking of nothing else.

Joseph himself is not asking for legal advice. "I'll stick and make Rosenberg spend his money on me," he says.

"What could I do?" said Rosenberg to a reporter. "He wouldn't pay me. Yes, I've got to spend money for his board. But when I get mad I don't care for money."

"He talks bad about me. I sue him. We compromise. He owes me \$50 and he hangs the costs on me, too. Couldn't that make anybody mad."

"I can't get my money. I put him in jail. Yes, I pay his board. That's the only way I can keep him in jail."

"Well, he's got me, all right," said Joseph smiling. "Jail isn't such a nice place, but I can stand it. I wasn't in business for myself. I opened a store in Lebanon for Harry Shapiro of St. Louis. That made Rosenberg mad. He didn't want competition in the clothing business."

"I got mad, too, and I said some-

thing about him and he had me arrested. Maybe it was slander. I don't know.

"We settled for a \$50 judgment. When I told him I could not make good he offered to take \$20. But I wouldn't give him one cent."

"I don't know how long I'll have to stay in jail—maybe six months. All right. I'll stick till Rosenberg gets tired of paying my board. I've got it fixed so my wife and children will be cared for."

PUBLIC PRINTING COST GREAT.

Bill for Year 1905 Over \$7,000,000, According to Report.

Washington.—Constant growth of cost of public printing has increased this item of public expense from \$200,000 in 1840 to more than \$7,000,000 in 1905, according to the report of the printing investigation commission, created four years ago, which recently submitted to congress a report covering its extensive inquiry. The commission consists of the two committees on printing of the two houses of congress, and Senator Platt is its chairman.

The report states that under recent legislation 279,598,827 printed pages, including such expensive publications as the Congressional Record, the publications of the geological survey and the year book of the department of agriculture, were eliminated from the surplus printing which had formerly been piled up in warehouses to be finally condemned and sold as waste.

This printing was an undistributed surplus, these copies being equivalent to 659,197 volumes of 500 pages each for the year 1907. These publications had been piled up until there were more than 9,500 tons in storage, enough to fill an ordinary railroad train more than three miles long. Rent for that portion of these publications stored outside of government buildings was more than \$13,500 a year.

## Is Oldest Funeral Goer

Pennsylvania Woman, Now 81, Has Attended 4,007 Obsequies.

Pottstown, Pa.—A peculiar fascination to attend funerals, that seemed to have charmed her when yet a little girl, and which she has been unable to resist in her long life of more than 81 years, has given Mrs. Rebecca Wentzel a reputation far and wide as a mourner for everybody's dead. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone," does not apply to her, as her record of attending 4,007 funerals attests.

In her carefully kept diary she has noted that of these funerals there were 17 double ones of children, 11 where husband and wife were buried together, and seven where three persons of one family at Mauger's Mill, near this town. Mrs. Joseph Wentzel, daughter of Jacob Mauger, the proprietor of the mill, had gone from her home here with her five children to help pull flax at the old homestead. A cloudburst about eventide had swollen the mill-race, but Mrs. Wentzel's brother, Henry Mauger, felt confident he could drive her and her children across in safety, so they could reach home; but the waters engulfed the rig, and three of the children and the horse were

## HIS STOMACH A JUNK SHOP.

Human Ostrich Swallows Many Indigestible Things.

Ottawa, Ont.—As showing the extent to which the human stomach can be made the receptacle of articles not of the ordinary food list, Dr. Burgess, medical superintendent of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, Montreal, reports a remarkable case that recently came under his care. "The patient, who had been an inmate for nine years, was so secretive about his abnormal taste that it was entirely unsuspected by his attendants. The articles taken from his stomach were:

Three bundles of broom fiber, one piece of whalebone, eight inches long; one piece of insulating tape, seven inches long; one bundle of hair, one four-inch nail and a piece of wire, bound with string; one three-inch nail with a piece of cloth attached, one piece of wire, four inches long; one button hook, six pieces of tobacco pipe stem, 21 tobacco tags, 39 small pieces of wire, four screws, one paper fastener, one boot-eye, two gum stones, one piece of twisted picture wire, nine pieces of glass, nine pieces of iron, one steel spring, one iron nut, one piece of stone half an inch square, another piece an inch long, half an inch wide and half an inch thick, 27 pins, five one-inch nails, 32 two-inch nails, seven 2½-inch nails, 32 three-inch nails, one five-inch nail, one horse-shoe nail, four tacks and four hairpins.

## "COFFEE HABIT" GRIPS AMERICA.

United States Leads World in Importation of That Commodity.

Washington.—In the consumption of coffee and cacao the United States leads the world, while it holds third rank among the nations in her imports of tea. The imports amount to more than one-third of the coffee, nearly one-fourth of the cacao and about one-seventh of the tea entering the world's markets.

The "coffee habit" has evidently grown upon the people of the United States, the per capita consumption of this article in 1878 being 6.24 pounds, while in 1888 it was 6.31 pounds. In 1898 it had increased to 11.68 pounds, and in 1908 it was 10.04 pounds, according to figures of the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. During the same period the annual per capita consumption of tea decreased from 1.33 to 1.07 pounds. In cacao the importations in 1908 were more than three times as large as in 1898.

drowned. After a thrilling struggle the lives of the other two children, their mother and the driver were saved.

Despite her advanced years and increasing decrepitude, Mrs. Wentzel is still a familiar figure at funerals hereabouts and says that as long as she is able she expects to hear the preacher's solemn "Earth to earth."

## STORK BEATS GRIM REAPER.

French Race Suicide Scare Is Finally Ended.

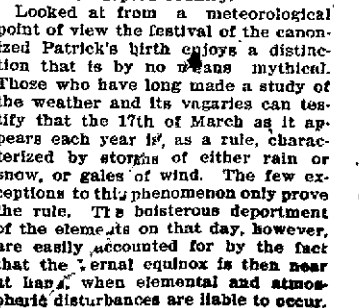
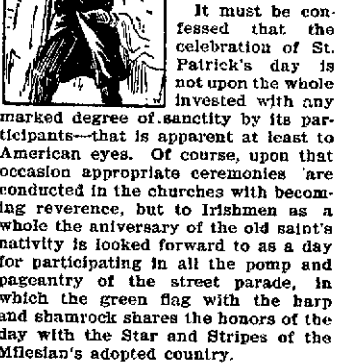
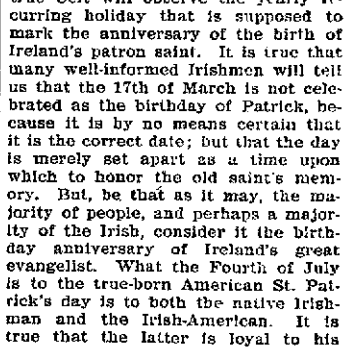
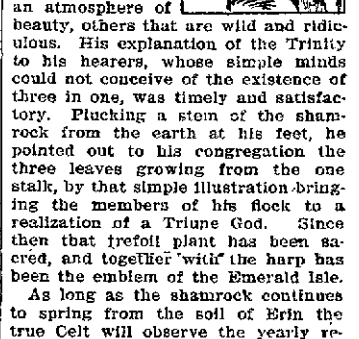
Paris.—Has the French birth rate taken a turn upward at last? For the first time for very many years the last statistics show a considerable increase.

These cover the first six months of 1908, as half-yearly returns are now made. Compared with the first half of 1907 the corresponding period of last year denotes a remarkable improvement. In the first six months of 1907 the death rate showed an excess of 55,007 over the birth rate.

If that proportion continued the French people must necessarily die out. But the corresponding period of 1908 has turned the tables. In those six months births exceeded deaths by 11,066. The difference is not only due to the fact that the death rate was lowered from 457,000 in 1907 to 446,000, but also to a net increase of 12,000, which rose from 402,000 in 1907 to 414,000 in 1908. Sociologists who have long feared the alarm of depopulation are tabulating the fact that the tide has turned, and now, night



"When I Heard Your Heavenly High C, Little One."





## REVIEW OF REPORTS OF YESTERDAY'S LYNCHING

Being a Reproduction of the Associated Press Reports Together With Other Comments From Various Other Sources.

The News of yesterday handled the story of the lynching as best it could in a local way, though did not endeavor to elaborate minor details or quote statements from officers and others informed regarding the affair. We were woefully imposed upon by other papers over the country who knew that we were disposed to show them every possible courtesy, even to the neglect of our own publication. All matter relating to the affair which the people will care to know, however, will be given from time to time and the readers of the News may rest assured that we will give the facts as nearly as they can be ascertained.

In getting hold of a story as important as this it seems almost impossible for the large papers to get all their statements correct in the first reports.

In connecting reports and reviewing the facts it should be borne in mind that the statement of Oscar Peeler, relative to the guilt of the four men mobbed, was made after the lynching, and that it corroborated the evidence possessed by the county attorney's office, and that it was absolutely contrary to his previous statements. The evidence produced in the preliminary hearing of Miller will be published verbatim in order that the public may be relieved of any possible doubt as to the guilt of the persons lynched.

The associated press report of the lynching which appeared in the daily papers over the United States this morning is a very fair and reasonably correct account of the lynching. We produce the report in full herewith:

Ada, Okla., April 19.—This morning between 2 and 3 o'clock a mob of masked men, estimated from thirty to forty in number, stormed the Pontotoc county jail, overpowered the four guards, Bob Nestor, Walter Goyne, Jim McCarty and Joe Carter, took the keys of the jail from them and proceeded to take four prisoners from jail and hang them.

The men hanged were Jim Miller, Joe Allen, Jesse West and B. B. Burrwell, all under arrest in connection with the assassination of A. A. (Gus) Bobbitt near this city on Feb. 27.

The jail is located at the rear of the court house and is accessible both from the rear and through the front hall of the court house.

The mob was literally choking the hall of the court house before the guards were aware of its presence in the city leaving men stationed

on the outside of the court house and to the rear of the jail, the masked men quickly overcame the four guards, who put up a stiff resistance as possible.

One guard, Bob Nestor, received a severe blow on his head with a revolver and was left stunned. At the point of their guns the mob forced one guard to open the jail doors. Having secured entrance, they told Miller, Allen, West and Burrwell to dress and prepare for death.

West Resists Mob.  
The doomed men dressed as quickly as possible, made no resistance and the guards could hear, with the exception of Jesse West, who fought the mob fiercely and had to be beaten on the head with guns before he could be taken from the jail.

Leaving the guards tied and bound, the mob then took the men to the Frisco barn, a deserted hivery stable not thirty feet from the jail, and there hanged them to the rafters. The wounds of Guard Nestor were dressed this morning and he is resting easy.

Before ridding the jail the mob had apparently taken pains to map out every detail. Two masked men went sent to the power plant of the Ada Electric and Gas Company, who, at the point of their revolvers, forced the night engineer to cut off the current lighting the streets, thus leaving the city in darkness. The lights remained off an hour or more and during the temporary darkness the lynching was done and the mob dispersed.

Bodies Are Found.  
The bodies of the victims of the raid were found at an early hour this morning hanging dead in the Frisco barn and were cut down and taken to the undertaking establishment of L. T. Walters, where they now lie.

No shots were fired during the raid and everything was carried out in accordance with seemingly carefully laid plans. The town is quiet, but a gloom hangs over it such as was never before felt.

All of the members of the mob are thought to have been out of town parties, as they were mounted.

The examining trial of Jim Miller, charged with the killing of Gus Bobbitt and one of last night's victims, was had here before Justice of the Peace H. J. Brown last week and Miller was bound over without bail.

Justice of the Peace Brown made an order excluding the testimony from the newspapers, but the trial was attended by the largest crowd that ever attended a criminal prosecution in this city.

Spectators Searched.  
Officers of the court searched every man who entered the courtroom for guns before he was allowed to enter.

Gus Bobbitt, the assassinated man, had been a former United States Marshal for the Southern District of the old Indian Territory appointed under Cleveland's Administration. He was a vigilant officer and made many enemies among some of the early settlers of this country. On Feb. 27, or thereabouts, he was shot from ambush, with buckshot from a double-barreled shotgun near his home, seven miles south of Ada, from behind a clump of trees near the roadside. Bloodhounds brought to the scene could not take up the scent. The murdered man told his wife, who reached Ada before he died, that he was killed by the man who killed him.

FROM THE OLD  
ADA TITLE AND  
Ada, Okla., April 19, 1909. The mob that two of his enemies among some of the early settlers of this country. On Feb. 27, or thereabouts, he was shot from ambush, with buckshot from a double-barreled shotgun near his home, seven miles south of Ada, from behind a clump of trees near the roadside. Bloodhounds brought to the scene could not take up the scent. The murdered man told his wife, who reached Ada before he died, that he was killed by the man who killed him.

brought here B. B. Burrwell, another of last night's victims, was also captured at Fort Worth about the same time. Burrwell had been associated with Miller for some time past. Joe Allen and Jesse West are citizens of Canadian City, Tex. They were captured in Oklahoma City about April 6 or 7.

The county attorney of this (Pontotoc) county, learning that Allen and West were in Oklahoma City, and had phoned or written for an attorney from this city to come up to see them. Immediately phoned a description of the two men to the Oklahoma City officers, who captured the men one night and brought them to Ada next day.

Allen and West resided in this part of old Indian Territory years ago. B. B. Burrwell one of last night's victims, had formerly lived in Dallas, Tex. All the men who were lynched are said to be men of means.

Statement of Lee West.  
Lee West, a night policeman of this city, relative to the lynching of four men, at this place last night, says: "The first I knew of the trouble at the jail was when I saw a bunch of masked men going into the front hall of the courthouse. This was somewhere near 2 o'clock this morning. I was on Main street about a half block and across Townsend avenue from the courthouse. I went down to see what was the matter. I followed on into the hall of the courthouse.

"When I had gone about one-third of the distance of the hall, I was suddenly covered with what looked to me to be about ten or twelve guns. I asked what all this trouble meant. They told me it was none of my d-d business, and for me to get out quick.

"I retreated to the front of the building, and proceeded back up on Main street, where I met County Judge Terrell, Judge Terrell and I both went back into the hall of the courthouse, where he tried to persuade the mob to do nothing, wrong. He told them there were men in the jail who were probably innocent and who ought not to be hurt in any way without a fair trial. The mob then told Judge Terrell that it didn't want to hear anything out of him and ordered us both out.

"Judge Terrell and I then went out of the building and I went out on Main street. The next I knew about what happened was when the guard, Walter Goyne, came out of the building and told me to phone for a doctor, that Bob Nestor had been severely hurt in the head.

"I then went back to the jail and phoned for a doctor. All the doors of the jail, the front wall doors, were open.

After I first came out of the hall of the building I noticed that all the street lights had been out off. I never saw any of the mob leave the courthouse or the jail, as it was completely dark."

Statement of Bob Nestor.

Bob Nestor, one of the guards at the jail, last night said:

"I sleep in the little room at the rear of the jail. I am not a regular guard at the jail, but guard some. Last night about 2 o'clock I was awakened by three or four men pulling the cover off me. I thought it was some of the boys and told them they would get in trouble if they did not watch out. They were feeling over my bed and told me to get up. I noticed that they had masks on.

"I still thought it was some of the boys playing a prank on me and told them that was a devilish good way to get in trouble, wearing a mask. I noticed that they had Goyne's guns and were trying to get mine, and I realized for the first time what was up.

"I slipped by guns under my bed the best I could, but they must have seen me for they hit me over the head with their guns.

"They forced Walter Goyne at the point of their guns to open the heavy lever doors that open the cell doors and took Miller, West, Allen and Burrwell out in the run-around. As I can't hear very well, I did not know what all was said or done after this, except that the four prisoners were hanged.

Statement of Joe Carter.

Joe Carter, another one of the four guards at the jail last night, says concerning the lynching:

"The first I knew of the presence of the mob last night was at 2:10 this morning when six masked men

suddenly appeared at the waiting room in the run-around near the cells, and covered me and Jim McCarty with their guns. McCarty and I had the watch for this part of the night. They told us to step aside and hand over the keys of the jail. I told them we had no keys, that a gentleman in another room had the keys.

"At this moment about twenty more men appeared thronging through the hall of the yard and from everywhere else, it seemed to me, saying:

"Keep quiet, men and give up the keys."

"The men were all masked. They kept me and McCarty under cover of their guns and proceeded to wake up Walter Goyne and Bob Nestor and took the keys away from them.

"Nestor rose from his bed with his gun and the masked men hit him over the head with their guns and left him stunned. The men forced Goyne to open the heavy lever doors to the cells.

"They then took Miller from his cell and fastened a rope around his neck and bound his hands at his back with bailing wire.

"Jesse West was the next man taken out, and the mob says:

"Tell us what you know about his." West says:

"I'll tell you nothing."

"They then hit him over the head with their six shooters and said:

"D— you, tell us what you know about it." West repeated:

"I will tell you nothing," and made a fight with the mob.

"The rest of the prisoners then began to plead for their lives.

"Then I rushed through and went out on the street for help, where I met the two night policeman, and we all went back and got about one-third of the distance down the hall of the court house, when we were again held up and commanded, retreated or they would kill us. We retreated and I never say any of the mob leave the court house or jail as it was totally dark on the streets."

Statement of Walter Goyne.

Walter Goyne one of the guards at the Pontotoc County jail last night. (Continued on Page Three.)

A TELEGRAM.

The following telegram came to Ada this afternoon from Mr. J. B. Wilson of Pecos, Texas.

Frank Jones, cashier of the Ada National bank stated that many years ago that he knew this Mr. Wilson and that he was highly responsible and one of the largest cattle men of the greater cattle district of Texas.

Pecos, Tex., April 20, 1909. County Attorney Ada, Okla.: I congratulate your citizens on having rid the country of one of the coldest blooded cut throats that ever successfully defied the criminal laws of Texas. Oklahoma is up to date. J. B. WILSON

## GOOD CLOTHES For Men and Young Men

TWO piece suits are hard to make because the material and "innards" are light weight. A lot of planning is necessary to make the inside so that the outside shall hold its shape. The shoulders too, are hard to manage—liable to be "bunchy."

## Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits

made for us are made to fit right and hold their shape. The coats have substantial hair cloth fronts that won't break and the shoulders are carefully built into form.

Two Piece Suits from : 18.50 to \$30  
Other Good Makes from : \$10 to 18.50

John B. Stetson Hats ..... \$4.00 to \$6.00  
M. Gambel Hats ..... \$3.00  
W. L. Douglas Shoes ..... \$3.50  
Burk & Packard warranted Patent Tan Oxford \$4.00

## I. HARRIS

SPECIALIST IN GOOD CLOTHES

A full line of Children's Clothes ..... \$3 to \$10

## Hot and Cold Stuff

Manufacturers of Ice  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Coal  
Long Distance Phone 29

## Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Note—We are doing business on a strictly cash basis. Please arrange to settle for ice as it is delivered; drivers must either turn in cash or coupons. Buy Coupon Books as it will save you money after April 18th. Books for residences—200, 300 and 500 pounds.

## Money to Loan on Farm Lands and City Property

Buy and Sell Farm Lands and City Property.  
Rent Farms and City Property.  
Special attention given to Collecting Accounts.  
Fire and Tornado Insurance.

Yours for business.

Office—Home Abstract and Real Estate Co., First Nat'l Bank Building

E. J. Bowers

## Use White Swan and Wapco Brand of Goods

and you are sure of getting the best on the market

## Waples-Platter Grocer Co.

Ada, Oklahoma

## Hot Weather

Calls for gasoline and oil cook stoves; I have them and prices are always right.

R. E. Haynes, "the Hardware Man" ADA OKLA.

## REXALL

CELERY  
AND  
IRON TONIC



Not only invigorates the nervous system, but also builds up the blood and invigorates the general constitution.

It increases the appetite and strengthens the digestive system. Is guaranteed to give satisfaction or your \$1.00 refunded.

## Gwin & Mays Co

THE ADA DRUGGISTS.

We Run a Drug Store and Nothing More.

"THE REXALL STORE."



# The Ada News

Evening Edition, except Sunday  
Week 7 Publication, Thursday

OFFICE: Weaver-Masonic Block, 12th and Broadway

OTIS B. WEAVER, EDITOR AND OWNER

TERMS: Weekly, the year, \$1.00. Daily, the week, 10cts. Daily, the year, \$4.00

Daily delivered in city by carrier every evening except Sunday.  
The Weekly will be sent to responsible subscribers until ordered discontinued and all arrears are paid

Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Oklahoma, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



## ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Yesterday Howard Parker who's got the job of state reporter of Oklahoma, before that being for several years city editor of this paper, phoned Otis Weaver, editor of such publication that the associated press which is the leading news disseminator of the world was including in its report of the action of the dispatchers of assassins in substance that the mob that did it was formed in the commercial club rooms of the city, and was composed of the leading members of such commercial organization.

After talking with several thoughtful conservative business citizens it was agreed that the News should phone Mr. Cutler, Western representative of the associated press at Kansas City in general denial of such allegation. The Associated press was talked to at length and it is hoped that the Associated press reports reproduced in larger part in this issue is reasonably satisfactory to the hundreds of county and near county citizens who have already read them through the day's metropolitan papers.

## Bodies Removed.

The body of J. B. Miller was shipped to his home in Fort Worth, Texas, last evening according to direction of his widow, that of B. H. Burrell to Weatherford where his mother and brother reside. The bodies of West and Allen are being held at the undertaking parlors awaiting the arrival of their widows who were supposed to have arrived here this afternoon, but failed to do so. The report is current that they will not come to Ada, but will receive the bodies at Holdenville.

## DID RIGHT.

Joel Terrell, county judge and Robt. Wimbish, county attorney went all the way in the undertaking to postpone the departure of the victims of the late tragedy until the time when the law could take its course. The public will commend their actions.

Try a News "Want Ad."

# CHAPMAN

## The Shoe Man

East Main Street, Ada, Okla.

## SOME REASONS WHY IT PAYS

THE FARMER TO HAVE A TELEPHONE

The dollars saved keeping in touch with the markets will pay the price many fold.

In case of an emergency when a doctor or neighbor is needed, life or property may be saved.

The telephone has done away with the old time isolation that handicapped social life in the country and drove young people to the city.

It is then a saver of life, money and property and is a pleasure to all the family. For information regarding rates and manner of securing the service consult with your nearest local manager.

PIONEER TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

## TESTIMONY IN MILLER CASE

BEING A VERBATIM REPORT OF EVIDENCE INTRODUCED IN PRELIMINARY TRIAL OF J. B. MILLER.

R. L. Ferguson being first duly sworn testifies as follows:

Q What is your name?  
A Ferguson.  
Q Where do you live?  
A At Lawrence.  
Q Where did you live during the latter days of February, 1909?  
A Down there at Lawrence.  
Q Did you know Gus Bobbitt during his life time?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q Is he living or dead?  
A Dead.  
Q When did he die?  
A The night of the 27th of February.

Q This year?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q What state and county?  
A Oklahoma and Pontotoc county.  
Q What was the cause of his death?

A He was shot.  
Q How was he shot?  
A He was shot with a shot gun.  
Q What kind of a shot gun, if you know?

A I don't know.  
Q Did you see where he was shot?  
A Yes, sir.  
Q Where was it?  
A Over the left hip, just above the left hip bone, and one shot in the leg.

Q Just one load of shot?  
A One in his hip and the other in his right leg.

Q Where was he when he was shot?

A He was about 600 yards this side of his ranch, his home place.

Q What was he doing?

A He was driving along in his wagon.

Q Where were you?

A Behind him in another wagon.  
Q From the place where he was shot, where did he die?

A He died right where he fell off his wagon.

Q How long did he live after he was shot?

A About an hour and a half.

Q Were you present when he was shot?

A Yes, sir.

Q You may state just how he was shot, describe the situation in your own language.

Q Me and him were driving along the road, he had hired me to haul a load of cake and he had a load of cake.

Q How much cake did he have?

A 1500.

Q How much did you have?

A 1500.

Q Who was in front?

A He was in front. He was driving along just about the length of the wagon, a little more than the length of the wagon and team ahead of me; part of the time I was up against his wagon, and part of the time he was 10 or 12 steps ahead of me.

We were driving along, we hadn't spoken in about 300 yards. The first thing I noticed, I seen the fire of a gun from behind an elm tree that stood to the left of the road.  
Q How far from the road?  
A Eight steps from the road to the tree.  
Q How far was that tree from the point where Bobbitt fell?  
A Twelve steps, I was behind him about eight steps from the tree.  
Q That is where you were when the first gun fired?

A Yes, sir. Mr. Bobbitt fell off his wagon and his team ran away; my team wheeled out of the road and I jumped out of the wagon.

Q How many shots were fired?

A Two.

Q You didn't describe the two shots.

A I said there were two shots fired.

Q How much interval between those two shots?

A Very little, one just after the other, about as fast as a gun could shoot.

Q Where was the party standing that fired?

A Behind this elm tree.

Q Did you see anybody there?

A Not right then I didn't, I drove on up even, Mr. Bobbitt was lying on the ground, I raised up and looked over the wagon, and a man came out from behind the tree, and made three steps toward me and toward Mr. Bobbitt, and then went up the branch.

Q What position was he in when he made these steps?

A He was stooped over, bent down.

Q Show how he was bent over.

A He came out just about this way, bent down, looked to be bare headed.

Q What time did you and Mr. Bobbitt leave town that evening?

A We left here a little before half past five o'clock.

Q Do you know about what time it was when you reached the Simmons Crossing?

A No sir, I don't, it was a little while before sun down, I don't know exactly what time it was.

Q Do you know where Rocky branch is?

A Yes, sir.

Q What time was it when you reached Rocky branch?

A I don't know exactly what time it was.

Q Had the sun gone down?

A No, sir.

Q After you crossed Rocky branch did you meet any one, if so, where was it?

A We met a man just after we crossed the branch, passed the corner of the field.

Q How far past the corner of that field did you pass the man?

A We had gone about 30 steps past the corner of the field.

Q You met a man?

A Yes, sir.

Q How was the man traveling?

A Horseback.

Q What direction was he going?

A Going north, coming towards town.

Q What direction were you and Mr. Bobbitt coming?

A South.

Q What side of you did he pass on?

A On the left side. On the east side of the road.

Q Did he speak to you?

A He spoke to Mr. Bobbitt, he didn't speak to me.

Q What kind of a horse was he riding?

A Brown looking horse, I didn't pay much attention to the horse.

Q Did you notice anything about the saddle?

A He had something that looked like a slicker tied up behind the saddle when I first seen him.

Q What was it?

A It looked more like a buggy cur

tain stuff, I thought it was a slicker at first, but afterwards it looked like a buggy curtain, the white was on the outside.

Q Did he have anything about his neck?

A There was a handkerchief about his neck, and had a collar and tie on his neck and had a collar and tie on.

A A striped tie and a long tie, white collar, and a white handkerchief tied up around his neck.

Q Did he have any thing in his hand?

A He had a handkerchief in his left hand.

Q What was he doing with it?

A Wiping his eye.

Q Which eye?

A Left eye.

Q Was that the eye towards you and Mr. Bobbitt?

A Yes, sir.

Q After he passed you, what direction did you and Mr. Bobbitt go?

A South.

Q The regular Roff and Ada road?

A Yes, sir.

Q Where did you leave that road after you left it?

Q Didn't you leave the road after got nearly to Mr. Bobbitt's house, about half a mile this side of Mr. Bobbitt's house; left that road and taken a left hand road.

Q Didn't you leave the road after you crossed the creek?

A Went up through a field.

Q You left the road then?

A Yes, sir, went through the field to a house and then went on.

Q What house?

A I don't know, Mr. Cantrell built the house.

Q What corner of the field?

A Northeast corner.

Q Where did you leave that field?

A On the west side.

Q How did you get out?

A Through a wire gate.

Q At any time going through that field or after you got to the wire gate, did you see anybody else?

A I seen a man riding out on top of the hill at the far end of the lane and taken the right hand road from there; he was horseback.

Q What time was that?

A After sun down.

Q Could you or not distinguish who that man was?

A No, I couldn't tell any thing about him, a man on a horse is all I could tell.

Q Do you know where Jess Glover lives?

A Yes, sir.

Q How far does he live from Park-elli switch?

A I suppose 150 or 200 yards the other side.

Q North or south?

A South.

Q Did you see him as you passed his house?

A Yes, sir.

Q What was he doing?

A Watering his horses.

Q How far was it from the place where you met the man in the road to where Mr. Bobbitt was killed?

A About 3 or 4 1-2 miles, I don't know exactly.

Q Do you know where the old house is on the opposite side of the road to where Rollins lives?

A Yes, sir.

Q How far from that place to where Bobbitt was killed?

A About 3 1-4 miles.

Q How far is it to where Mr. Glover lives to where Mr. Bobbitt was killed?

A About a mile, a little bit over a mile, it isn't two miles, between a mile and two miles, somewhere.

Q I will ask you if you see the man in the court room that you met that evening on that horse?

A Yes, sir.

Q Where is he?

A Right over there.

Q What is his name?

A I couldn't tell you.

Q What is he reputed to be named; what is he said to be named?

A Miller is what I have heard his name was; I don't know the man.

(Continued Tomorrow)

From General Cross.

Guthrie, Okla., April 19.—Capt. J. C. Gates, Ada, Okla. My dear friend and comrade: Your letter of the 15th just received and accept my thanks for your kind invitation to be with you on the 22nd.

If I am able, and I know of no



## The Imperial Oxford

is the best  
make--made  
by the  
Bering Shoe Co.  
Cincinnati.  
For sale at



## The Grand Leader

ADA, OKLAHOMA



## THE Ada National Bank

wishes to call your attention to two

## FACTS

It has ben under ONE continuous MANAGEMENT since the organization. Now in its NINTH year. The BANK that has helped to build ADA and assisted more FARMERS than any institution in—

## Pontotoc County

## DON'T PASS ME UP

when you need

## Paint or Wall Paper

I have got more material than anyone else in the city. I will do you right. Let me show you.

SEE DR. HOLLY or W. P. BRINLEE

## CRESCENT DRUG STORE

All kinds of legal blanks for sale at this office.

## "Dixie and Columbia"

AIR DOME OPERA HOUSE, THURS. April 22

Benefit for Soldiers' Home

## HOME TALENT OF 200 PEOPLE

Leading Cast of the Spectacular

Indian Chief—Mr. Sam McClure.  
Medicine Man: Scouts—Sugg and others.  
Columbus—Prof. Perkins  
Priest—Mr. J. C. Cates.  
Male Quartette.  
Indian Girls and Boys in Drill and Pow-Pow.  
Queen of Spain—Mrs. Hope and Court Ladies.  
King Ferdinand—Lawyer King.  
Geo. Washington—Judge Galbraith.  
Martha—Mrs. Duncan.  
Wm. Penn—Mr. McKeown.  
Queen of City—Miss Wilson  
Dixie—Mrs. J. D. A. Harris.  
Uncle Sam—Mr. Geo. Cox  
Columbia—Miss Thompson  
Cuba —  
Dixie Doyle—Pauline Jones.  
Electricity—Leon Speed.  
Oklahoma—Mrs. Perkins  
Cupid—

Assisted by leading business firms of city, 50 Faries, 40 Brownies, 18 Indians, 8 in party of Columbus landing, Wm. Penn and Puritans, 20; Caisene Class 20, Newsboys 13, Floral Drill 24, 30 Leading Characters, Soldiers in Gray and Blue, Drill by Ladies of W. O. W., Solos and Choruses, Drills, Tabuleau, with angels Pantomines in front with full Orchestra. This is a beautiful entertainment of high grade, every one should come out to see and help the cause as it is a worthy one.

**Air Dome Opera House**  
**April 22**

**GET Money on Your Farm & City Property**  
**ABSTRACTS FROM THE OLD RELIABLE**  
**INSURANCE ADA TITLE AND TRUST COMPANY**

## PERSONAL COLUMN

WANTED—Two first-class stenographers. Oklahoma Portland Cement Co. 17

Rev. Kendall of Konawa was in Ada today.

Kodaks to sell or rent at Ramsey's Drug store. 121

Nick Hurd of Stonewall, was in our city today.

Cal Bolen of Stonewall, was an Ada visitor today.

Bob Winbush is transacting business in Coalgate.

M. B. Bartley transacted business in Sasakwa today.

B. H. Mason returned this morning from Oklahoma City.

Mrs. J. H. Bean of Francis, was an Ada visitor Monday.

Clay Jones and Jim Roff of Roff, were Ada visitors today.

R. W. Willis left on the north bound Frisco this morning.

If you want first class groceries call up M. L. Walsh. Phone 17. 274-4dt

A. B. Collins, C. Y. Partlan and Ed Bunnard of Roff were in Ada yesterday.

C. E. Daggs, tinner and plumber, North Broadway, phone 279. 272-4t

P. T. Pegues of Dallas, is in Ada to attend the Napier-Thompson wedding.

Room and board close in, corner 14th and Broadway. See Mrs. W. A. Alexander. 21d

Mrs. J. M. Keltner left this morning for Cromwell, Tex., to attend the bedside of her sister who is seriously ill.

Mrs. M. L. Sowers and daughter, Miss Ruth, left this morning for Tucson, Ariz., to attend the bedside of Mrs. Sower's son who is seriously ill.

The W. C. T. U.'s are working hard to obtain funds with which to put a drinking fountain on the public square. This fountain will be for the welfare of both town and country and all passersby. We consider this a very laudible undertaking on the part of the ladies and we are going to render them some assistance by donating the proceeds from our soda fountain next Thursday afternoon and evening, April 22nd from 2 to 11 p. m. Let every body help the ladies in this undertaking. Very truly, GWIN-MAYS & CO 22t

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Seales, April 19th a 9 pound girl.

Hugo Hughes was in Ada Monday afternoon en route from Coalgate to his home in Roff

Mr. Lowe who has been working at the Cement Plant left today for his home in North Carolina.

Miss Lada Oliphant who has been visiting relatives in Ada left this morning for her home in Huntsville, Texas.

Mr. Ed Brents who occupies a substantial position with the U. S. government is home on a visit to his family.

Mr. Dubser, piano tuner, will be in Ada all next week. Those needing his services should leave orders with Mrs. I. J. Crowder.—2t

Nevada, the play which was to have been given tonight at the Ada opera house, has been postponed on account of the disagreeable weather.

Big box supper at Asbury Methodist church Friday evening April 23. The proceeds to go to furnish the new parsonage. Every body is invited. Young lady, married lady, one and all, bring your box and some young man, married man or bachelor will be glad to buy it. 1t

TRUE TO CLIENTS.

Messrs. Jas. W. Bolen and Jno. P. Crawford attorneys at law, understood to have been retained to defend some of the men who went away before the final trial Sunday night. It is related did all they could to secure a continuance for their clients. It wasn't an ordinary jury

Johnson Brothers and Peeler Gene.

Oscar Peeler, associate of Miller, whose confession of the guilt of the men hanged was published in yesterday's News and the Johnson Bros. suspicioned as being the assassiators of Zeke Putnam, city marshal of Allen, was taken away yesterday by the county officers. There is some surprise expressed that there should be seriously thought that any body else is going to get hurt and that occasion required the removal of the prisoners.

Try a News "Want Ad."

## REVIEW OF REPORTS OF YESTERDAY'S LYNCHING

(Continued from Page One.)

and a Deputy Sheriff under Sheriff Tom Smith of Pontotoc County, concerning the raid last night, says:

"I was awakened about 2:30 o'clock this morning by several masked men standing over my bed. I immediately reached for my gun under my pillow, when the men covered me with their guns and said:

"These other men haven't got any keys to the jail, and we want them. I told them I could not give them the keys then they told me they would have them or kill me.

"I then dropped the keys on the floor and they picked them up and tried the heavy lever doors and could not work them.

"I was still held under cover of their guns. Failing to work the heavy doors, three or four of the men took me bodily from the room and at the point of their guns forced me to turn the lever.

"They then bound my hands with baling wire and left me in the room with Bob Nestor, whom they had hear over the head with their guns. I don't know much about what happened later, as it was totally dark outside and we could see nothing. McCarty released me at some hour in the morning, and I at once went out for a doctor for Nestor. There were forty or fifty men in the mob, and all were masked, and they carried out their work in orderly fashion."

Verdict of Coroner.

The coroner's jury this morning impaneled by Justice of the Peace, H. J. Brown of this city to hold an inquest over the bodies of Jim Miller, Joe Allen, Jesse West and B. B. Burrwell found hanging dead in the Frisco barn at dawn this morning. This afternoon returned their verdict to the effect that each of said men met their death by strangulation from a rope tied around their necks between 2 and 3 a. m. on April 19, in the city of Ada, Okla., administered by the hands of persons unknown. Miller's body will be shipped tonight to Fort Worth, Tex., for interment, upon the request of his widow Mrs. J. B. Miller who resides in that city. No disposition has yet been made of the bodies of Allen, West and Burrwell. They are still at the undertaking establishment of L. T. Walters in this city, where they have been viewed by a large number of people today.

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Try a News "Want Ad."

## WANTS

Advertising under this head will be charged at following rates:

One insertion, per word, .....1c  
Additional insertions, per word, 1-2c

LOST.

LOST—Week's wages, Ten Dollar bill, Saturday night. Return to News office and receive reward. 19-3t

LOST—Fountain pen incased in gold, same engraved with scroll work, three initials on same. Liberal reward. Return to B. H. Mason, over First Nat. Bank.

FOUND.

FOUND—A gold A. F. & A. M. pin Owner can secure same by paying for this ad 1t

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Do you want buy?

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We get you in or out of business. We organize and promote mercantile and industrial enterprises. National Reference and Investment Co., 574 Brandeis Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

P. S.—We want a representative in Ada, Okla. 1td

MILLER KNOWN IN FORT WORTH.

At One Time State Ranger and Again Deputy U. S. Marshall—Burrwell also Known There.

Fort Worth, Tex., April 19.—J. B. Miller, of this city, who was among the men lynched by a mob at Ada, Ok., early this morning, was well known throughout this section and as far west as El Paso. At one time he was a state Ranger and later a deputy United States marshal. He was born in Coryell county, about forty-two years ago, and had resided at Gatesville and Monahans. Since moving here he led a retired life, so far as was known, until his arrest two weeks ago by Deputy Sheriffs Tom Snow and Sid Higgins, near this city for alleged complicity in the murder of A. A. Bobbitt in Oklahoma, Feb. 27. He offered no resistance to arrest. The arrest occurred about seventeen miles northwest of the city.

B. B. Burrwell of this city, who had been and was formerly a bank cashier at Duncan, was arrested the day before the opening of the last Pay Stock show, March 12.

Miller leaves his widow, who conducts a rooming house at 108 1-2 East Weatherford street, near the court house, also three children, aged 17, 14 and 11 years.

Burrwell's mother and brother reside at Weatherford, another brother near Fort Worth and still another at Ballinger. Jesse West and Joe Allen were former cattlemen of Canadian.

The report of the lynching, which reached here early today, created much excitement in this city where all the victims had acquaintances and friends. Miller was formerly a familiar figure on the streets of Fort Worth and could be seen almost any evening occupying an armchair among the loungers in front of the Delaware hotel. He was quiet and unassuming in his manners. A short time after the acquittal of Miller for the killing of Frank Fore, he reported one night that an attempt had been made to assassinate him at the gate of his residence by a man lying in wait and exhibited a bullet hole in his hat as evidence of the encounter.

WHERE PLACE THE BLAME?

As the sequel of a vile assassination that occurred in Ada, in February last, four men suspected of the crime were lynched there yesterday morning.

Lynchings are to be deplored, but—

Oklahoma juries are permitting too many murderers to escape the penalty of their crimes, while procedure in the courts, with the importance given to trifling technicalities, is making it easy for criminals to escape punishment.

At Norman, Saturday, James Stevenson, who was charged with the murder of Deputy Marshal R. W. Cathey of Pauls Valley was acquitted by a jury.

Lynching is a form of popular vengeance that should have no place where courts and proper legal machinery are in operation.

It may be safely estimated that nine out of ten murderers in Oklahoma escape paying the penalty of their crimes.

Where, then, must be placed the responsibility when the state is disgraced by such occurrences as that at Ada yesterday morning?

Pres. It has deplored the growing slackness of the court and eminent have endorsed his utterance.

All less for you legal blanks for sale

## THE KING OF CURES

## DR. KING'S

## NEW DISCOVERY

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.  
FOR WEAK, SORE LUNGS, ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS, HEMORRHAGES

AND ALL

THROAT AND LUNG

DISEASES.

PREVENTS PNEUMONIA

I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as the grandest medicine of modern times. One bottle completely cured me of a very bad cough, which was steadily growing worse under other treatments. EARL SHAMBURG, Codell, Kas.

PRICE 50c AND \$1.00

OLD AND GUARANTEED BY

G. M. RAMSEY

## MONEY TO LOAN

FOR SALE—Six room house in Sunrise Addition, 1½ lots, fruit trees, barn, bath and closets. Price \$1900, \$800 cash, \$800 one and two years, \$300 in five years. Actual cost of house is \$1500 besides lots. Come quick if you want this bargain.

## Claude Scales

Real Estate, Loans  
and Insurance  
Farmers' State Bank

All kinds of legal blanks for sale at this office.

SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE



Don't be caught napping while we are selling such bargains for investments or homes, farms or investments in Ada. Fortunes have been made on less attractive offerings than we are showing in real property in Donaghey addition. Wake up! and call on Hardin & Blanks, Ada, National Bank Bldg., Ada Okla.

WANTED—Clean rags at New office  
WANTED—Clean rags at New office

## WHY?

are you living in a city of the first class without enjoying first class conveniences? Coal oil lamps were better than the tallow candles our fore-fathers used, but, if you wish to be up-to-date, you will have to put away the old lamps and use

## Electricity

It is safer, more convenient, matchless, no smoke, no soot, no smell.

It may cost less than you think. Just ask us questions and let us tell you about it

## Ada Electric & Gas. Co.

S. Broadway ADA, OKLA. Phone 78.

## In Selecting a Bank

with which to do your business the first consideration is the character and standing of its officers and directors and the financial resources of the Bank. Judged by these standards your confidence and patronage are merited by the

## First National Bank of Ada

P. A. Norris, Pres. H. T. Douglas, V. P.  
M. D. Timberlake, Cashier

## ICE CREAM HOME PRODUCT

We have our own Dairy and up-to-date Ice Cream Factory. Both are run under the inspection of the Pure Food Law. Our factory is in charge of one of the best cream makers that is obtainable. Previous to coming to us Mr. Prescott had charge of one of the largest factories in Kansas City. We put up the goods. With all the above advantages, why shouldn't we? Insist on cream made at our factory and you will not only get the best, but are patronizing a growing home industry.

R. L. McGUYRE, Prop. PURITY ICE CREAM CO.







Photograph copyright by Associated Press. Washington, D. C.  
Count von Wedel, newly appointed counselor of the German embassy in Washington, who recently arrived in this country. He succeeds Count Hatzfeldt, who has been promoted to the post of minister to Cairo, Egypt.

## KEEPS RIVAL IN JAIL

BUT IT COSTS BELLEVILLE, ILL.,  
MERCHANT \$1.50 A DAY.

Competitor Happy in Cell—Takes Plenty of Tobacco Along and Is Willing to See Other Man Pay Costs.

Belleville, Ill.—The board and lodging of Harry Joseph, a prisoner for debt in the Belleville jail, is being paid for at the rate of \$1.50 a day by Harry Rosenberg, who had put him there.

They are rival clothing merchants at Lebanon, Ill. Rosenberg sued Joseph for \$2,000, alleging that Joseph slandered him and said things about him which injured his credit as a merchant.

Before the case went to trial there was an agreement by which Rosenberg accepted a judgment of \$50 against Joseph. But he didn't get the money.

Joseph refused to pay, alleging that he did not have any property above the value of \$400, which was exempt from judgment under the law.

To make matters worse for Rosenberg the court decided that as Joseph had no seizable assets the costs in the case, amounting to \$28.30, would have to be paid by the plaintiff.

So, instead of being \$50 ahead as a result of the litigation, Rosenberg was out money.

"Isn't there any way I can get even with him?" he asked his lawyer.

"Yes, you might use a capias ad satisfactionem on him."

"Is that a single-barreled or a double-barreled weapon?"

"Single, I think. I'll look it up," said the lawyer.

Rosenberg told him to go ahead. Too late he learned that the weapon was double-barreled.

Under the authority of an old statute the capias was served on Joseph. This provides that in a case where a debt is contracted through a violation of the law the person to whom the money is owed can have the debtor imprisoned for a term not to exceed one year. But he must pay the debtor's board to the state.

Joseph was taken to the Belleville jail and locked up. He kissed his wife and baby goodbye and took with him a plentiful supply of smoking tobacco, books and magazines.

As he was being taken into the jail he said:

"All right. I'll stay here as long as Rosenberg pays the bill. Business is bad any way, and I might as well loaf in jail."

Joseph's imprisonment has presented a strange legal tangle to members of the Belleville bar. It is the first time the statute has ever been enforced in St. Clair county and lawyers are talking of nothing else.

Joseph himself is not asking for legal advice. "I'll stick and make Rosenberg spend his money on me," he says.

"What could I do?" said Rosenberg to a reporter. "He wouldn't pay me."

"Yes, I've got to spend money for his board. But when I get mad I don't care for money."

"He talks bad about me. I sue him. We compromise. He owes me \$50 and he hangs the costs on me, too. I couldn't make anybody mad."

"I can't get my money. I put him in jail. Yes, I pay his board. That's the only way I can keep him in jail."

"Well, he's got me, all right," said Joseph smiling. "Jail isn't such a nice place, but I can stand it. I wasn't in business for myself. I opened a store in Lebanon for Harry Shapiro of St. Louis. That made Rosenberg mad. He didn't want competition in the clothing business."

"I got mad, too, and I said some-

thing about him and he had me arrested. Maybe it was slander. I don't know.

"We settled for a \$50 judgment. When I told him I could not make good he offered to take \$20. But I wouldn't give him one cent."

"I don't know how long I'll have to stay in jail—maybe six months. All right. I'll stick till Rosenberg gets tired of paying my board. I've got it fixed so my wife and children will be cared for."

### PUBLIC PRINTING COST GREAT.

Bill for Year 1905 Over \$7,000,000, According to Report.

Washington.—Constant growth of cost of public printing has increased this item of public expense from \$200,000 in 1840 to more than \$7,000,000 in 1905, according to the report of the printing investigation commission, created four years ago, which recently submitted to congress a report covering its extensive inquiry. The commission consists of the two committees on printing of the two houses of congress, and Senator Platt is its chairman.

The report states that under recent legislation 279,598,827 printed pages, including such expensive publications as the Congressional Record, the publications of the geological survey and the year book of the department of agriculture, were eliminated from the surplus printing which had formerly been piling up in warehouses to be finally condemned and sold as waste.

This printing was an undistributed surplus, these copies being equivalent to 559,197 volumes of 500 pages each for the year 1907. These publications had been piling up until there were more than 9,500 tons in storage, enough to fill an ordinary railroad train more than three miles long. Rent for that portion of these publications stored outside of government buildings was more than \$13,500 a year.

## Is Oldest Funeral Goer

Pennsylvania Woman, Now 81, Has Attended 4,007 Obsequies.

Pottstown, Pa.—A peculiar fascination to attend funerals, that seemed to have charmed her when yet a little girl, and which she has been unable to resist in her long life of more than 81 years, has given Mrs. Rebecca Wentzel a reputation far and wide as a mourner for everybody's dead. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone," does not apply to her, as her record of attending 4,007 funerals attests.

In her carefully kept diary she has noted that of these funerals there were 17 double ones of children, 11 whose husband and wife were buried together, and seven where three persons of one family were interred at the same time. In one of the latter cases a mother and two of her children were laid in one grave.

In talking of one of the triple funerals, Mrs. Wentzel recalled a cloud-burst many years ago that resulted in the drowning of three members of one family at Manger's Mill, near this town. Mrs. Joseph Wentzel, daughter of Jacob Manger, the proprietor of the mill, had gone from her home here with her five children to help pull flax at the old homestead. A cloudburst about eventide had swollen the mill-race, but Mrs. Wentzel's brother, Henry Manger, felt confident he could drive her and her children across in safety, so they could reach home; but the waters engulfed the rig, and three of the children and the horse were

### UNEARTH AN OLD LEDGER.

Order for Sword from Gen. Winfield Scott Found in Record.

Chicopee, Mass.—An old ledger dating back to 1836 has been unearthed in the attic of the Ames Sword Company and is a striking commentary of early times. From a glance through the pages of the ledger one would think the whole country was being armed for war. The early struggles of Texas as an independent state can be traced by bit by bit by orders recorded in the book.

One of the most famous swords turned out by the firm was one designed for Gen. Winfield Scott. The order was sent by the Mexican war hero December 11, 1843. The sword was of the very finest steel and was heavily finished with gold mountings. The famous old Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, S. C., presented one of its captains, Henry Ravenel, with one of the Ames swords February 22, 1837. Capt. James Armstrong, one of the family of famous American sea fighters, purchased a navy sword September 1, 1837, while two years later the citizens of St. Augustine presented Light W. R. Hanson, U. S. A., with a sword costing \$150.

Orders for swords from foreign countries are noted in the ledger and large quantities of ordinary swords were sent to Texas and Mexico. Several noted battles are also included in the list of orders. The ledger covers a period of eight years.

### HIS STOMACH A JUNK SHOP.

Human Ostrich Swallows Many Indigestible Things.

Ottawa, Ont.—As showing the extent to which the human stomach can be made the receptacle of articles not of the ordinary food list, Dr. Burgess, medical superintendent of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, Montreal, reports a remarkable case that recently came under his care. The patient, who had been an inmate for nine years, was so secretive about his abnormal taste that it was entirely unsuspected by his attendants. The articles taken from his stomach were:

Three bundles of broom fiber, one piece of whalebone, eight inches long; one piece of insulating tape, seven inches long; one bundle of hair, one four-inch nail and a piece of wire, bound with string; one three-inch nail with a piece of cloth attached, one piece of wire, four inches long; one button hook, six pieces of tobacco pipe stem, 21 tobacco tags, 39 small pieces of wire, four screws, one paper fastener, one boot-eye, two gum stones, one piece of twisted picture wire, nine pieces of glass, nine pieces of iron, one steel spring, one iron nut, one piece of stone half an inch square, another piece an inch long, half an inch wide and half an inch thick, 27 pins, five one-inch nails, 32 two-inch nails, seven 2½-inch nails, 32 three-inch nails, one five-inch nail, one horse-shoe nail, four tacks and four hairpins.

### "COFFEE HABIT" GRIPS AMERICA.

United States Leads World in Importation of That Commodity.

Washington.—In the consumption of coffee and cacao the United States leads the world, while it holds third rank among the nations in her imports of tea. The imports amount to more than one-third of the coffee, nearly one-fourth of the cacao and about one-seventh of the tea entering the world's markets.

The "coffee habit" has evidently grown upon the people of the United States, the per capita consumption of this article in 1878 being 6.24 pounds, while in 1888 it was 6.31 pounds. In 1898 it had increased to 11.63 pounds, and in 1905 it was 10.04 pounds, according to figures of the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. During the same period the annual per capita consumption of tea decreased from 1.33 to 1.07 pounds. In cacao the importations in 1905 were more than three times as large as in 1898.

drowned. After a thrilling struggle the lives of the other two children, their mother and the driver were saved.

Despite her advanced years and increasing decrepitude, Mrs. Wentzel is still a familiar figure at funerals hereabouts and says that as long as she is able she expects to hear the preacher's solemn "Earth to earth."

### STORK BEATS GRIM REAPER.

French Race Suicide Scare Is Finally Ended.

Paris.—Has the French birth rate taken a turn upward at last? For the first time for very many years the last statistics show a considerable increase.

These cover the first six months of 1905, as half-yearly returns are now made. Compared with the first half of 1907 the corresponding period of last year denotes a remarkable improvement. In the first six months of 1907 the death rate showed an excess of 55,007 over the birth rate.

If that proportion continued the French people must necessarily die out. But the corresponding period of 1905 has turned the tables. In those six months births exceeded deaths by 11,068. The difference of not only to the fact that the total rate was lowered from 457.00 to 409.00, but also to a net increase of 48,937, which rose from 402,900 to 451,837. Sociologists who have long feared the alarm of depopulation are now saying that the tide has turned, and that one little week I shall write the great

## Mademoiselle Jolie's High C

By John Louis Berry

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Ah-h-h-h-h!"

The note was long, loud, clear, full and smooth. With its sudden, brilliant attack and soft, gradual cadence it disturbed fantastically the silence of the night.

"As God lives," cried Angelo, "the High C of my dreams!"

He rushed into the hall and knocked staccato against the landlady's door. She knew that knock of Angelo's.

"I'm going to bed, signor," she called, cruelly, "Good night!"

"One word, most merciful of landladies!" begged Angelo. "See, so as not to wake your blessed and respectable roomers, I fall on my knees and whisper through the keyhole. That High C—that heavenly High C! Whose was it?"

The landlady laughed—most irreverently and irreverently, thought Angelo. "Mlle. Jolie," she answered. "Mademoiselle came here only to-day. She's contralto soloist at the ten-cent vaudeville."

"Contralto!" groaned Angelo. "But that High C! Colobratura or nothing!"

"She's trying to raise her voice to a soprano," explained the landlady. "Wait, Signor Angelo—" and she opened the door ever so little and handed him a photograph. "Mademoiselle's, in costume—" with another little laugh. "Good night. Feast on her beauty in your dreams."

"Most charming of landladies," cried Angelo. "I kiss your—your withdraw your hand? Then I kiss this blessed keyhole—and this thrice blessed picture! Signora, good night." And Angelo hurried back to his room.

For a long time he sat in darkness trembling with eagerness, with hope, with despair. Then he dared light the lamp. But even then he dared not



"When I Heard Your Heavenly High C, Little One."

look at the picture. What if that divine High C came from a throat not so shapely and swan-like? What if mademoiselle had a bad nose, frizzy hair, a set and implacable mouth? Surely the gods—

"Jolie," murmured Angelo, tenderly. "With such a name she must be beautiful!" So he turned up the light and looked at the photograph. "Thou art beautiful, little one—almost as beautiful as thy supernal High C. Thy hair—must be Tutil. Thy skin—it must be as white as the moon. Thy little nose—no, it is not too retroussé. Thy little mouth—no, it is not too big."

He rose tremulously and drew the "rayed tapestry across the one window. "No one must see us, little one—and no one must hear what we say." He went to the door and stuffed his handkerchief into the keyhole, then returned to the picture, which he clasped with eager fingers. "Little one, I introduce myself to you. I am only Angelo—but I had the bliss of being born in Milan the musical, the divine. I have been in this terrifying America long years trying to teach the art of singing, trying to build voices where there are none, trying to create High C's half as round and full as yours. Alas, the unkind horror of it all!" He hurried to the door, took his handkerchief from the keyhole, wiped the tears from his eyes, then stuffed it into the keyhole again.

"Most exquisite of mademoiselles!" he exclaimed, returning and pressing the picture to his breast. "I am poor—frightfully. I am old—dreadfully. I am ugly—unspeakably. But I cherish a superb ambition! Listen, little one. Almost one year ago I gave up teaching—forever. I saved a little money, on which I planned to live one year—one year to the day, the hour, the minute. In this year I was to write the great opera. The theme had haunted me for a quarter of a century. It had dogged, deafened, blinded, choked, stifled me, demanding my life, my soul, until I had to surrender myself to it unreservedly. The great opera had to be written. It had to write itself—through me. But alas, where should I find the voice? I began the awful search. I went to operas, musical comedies, churches and concerts. The days, the weeks, the months slipped by—and I found it not. I hunted for it everywhere—in the street, in poverty's holes. In vain. So to-night with but one week of my year left I had given up hope when I heard your heavenly High C. Little one—and oh, the burden it lifted from my soul. In this one little week I shall write the great

opera—but you must not fail me! For at the year's beginning I vowed that if at its end I had not written the opera and found the voice, I should die. See, here is the pistol, loaded—here, beside you on the table—Hush! your High C again?" He listened. "No, only my imagination! Well, I kiss your hand anyway—ah, you have no hand? Your cherry lips, you say? No, no, I am not worthy. Just the hem of your garment—eh, but I see you haven't any on! See, as a compromise, I kiss the name of the photographer. Thrice happy man to have no hand!"

Angelo placed Mlle. Jolie upon his little old wobbly piano, draped a wreath of withered autumn leaves around her, blew out the light, drew back the window curtain, then in a moonbeam sat down to compose. The Muses must have been waiting round about, for in a moment he was playing softly. The inspiration fairly flowed. Angelo was in heaven. That greatest of joys, the joy of artistic creation, was his. He played a long time—until the moon went down. Then by the yellow lamplight he wrote down what he had played.

For two days and a night he slept but little and ate nothing; the divine fire needs no replenishing! The happiness that the years had denied him was his at last to measureless extent. Like Israel's, his heart-strings were a lute, and the Cosmos itself was busy playing upon him!

The second night he felt a quite earthly faintness within him. "I am not hungry, little one," he said to Mademoiselle Jolie, "it is simply my stomach."

Early next morning there was a knock on Angelo's door. It knew the landlady's peremptory tap, so, slithering with terror, did not answer. But the landlady knew Angelo, too. She threw a little card through the transom—and then laughed that jarring laugh of hers.

"A ticket to the vaudeville to-night, signor," she called. "Mademoiselle Jolie, who is much interested in you, wants you to hear her new song."

Angelo sat motionless. With horror-struck eyes he gazed at the ticket on the floor. It was red. It seemed to burn. It seemed to burn into him. Vaudeville! A ten-cent show! Instinctively he put on his goggles and stuffed his ears with cotton. Go? Never!

He awoke late the next morning. The most golden of sunbeams lay across him, but alas! the landlady's strident voice was calling him through the transom.

"Signor Angelo!"

"Yes."

"Mademoiselle Jolie was terribly cut up because you weren't at the vaudeville last night. She leaves for a swing around the circuit the end of the week and wants to see you before she goes."

All that day he worked feverishly, unrelentingly. That night the compassionate gods pressed down his eyelids and made him sleep. In the morning he dared write a little note to Mademoiselle Jolie stating that he should do himself the honor of calling on her that night after the theater. More singular still, he dared tiptoe down the hall and slip it under her door.

That evening with the ending of Angelo's year came the finishing of Angelo's opera. The wretched little piano was glad. So was Angelo's scratchy pen. So must have been the overworked muses.

In the remains of his ancient dress suit Angelo, primed, pruned and primed, waxed, polished and perfumed, sat waiting. He was dreadfully excited. He was hot and cold by turns. But he was resolute.

As the clock struck 11 he heard footsteps on the stairs. They were rather heavy, but whose could they be but Mademoiselle's? He waited awhile so she might have time to change her frock, then with a gladder around his heart and a mountain in his throat he went out into the hall.

Yes, there was the light under her door. In a daze, a maze—somehow—he moved toward it, knocked, entered and found himself face to face with a vision of loveliness beyond the wildest dreams of amorous suitors.

"Say, old man, this is too good," laughed Mademoiselle Jolie, in her deepest contralto. "You're daffy on me, ain't you? Well, look here." And she took off her golden hair, her bosom and her hips. "Say, grandpa, I'm just a nice, clever little half-way decent map, that's all—Willie Wilkins, the greatest female impersonator on earth!"

No "Peaceful" Boycott There.

This significant news item relative to the ending of the Chinese boycott against Japanese goods was printed in a Shanghai newspaper: "Although order has been restored in Hongkong, the fear struck into the hearts of owners and employees of shops in Canton and Macao selling Japanese goods has been such, owing to the conduct of the secret society men in Hongkong, that in both cities the shops in question have taken down their sign boards. The 'Do or Die' men have, however, given out that they are ready to cut off the ears of all offenders the moment they are discovered trafficking in the forbidden goods."

## St. Patrick Ireland's Patron Saint

THE personage whose natal day is celebrated with such enthusiasm by our Irish citizens was unquestionably the brightest luminary that adorned the Emerald Isle, for by his almost heroic labors he rescued that land from paganism. Some uncertainty exists as to the date and place of Patrick's birth. The most reliable historians, however, concur in the belief that he was born about the year 386 in the British-Roman province of Valentia, at a place near the Clyde, not far from the modern Dumbarton, called from him Kilpatrick.

About the year 422 he began his missionary work of converting the pagans of Ireland to Christianity. It is said that during his stay in the island he founded 365 churches, baptized with his own hands more than 1,200 persons and ordained a great number of priests. He died about the year 460 at a place called Saul, near Downpatrick, and his relics were preserved at that place till the time of the Reformation.

It is but natural that the land which produced a Fingal and an Ossian should abound in legends of the great missionary who taught the Christian religion to the Irish pagans—stories, some of which are surrounded with an atmosphere of beauty, others that are wild and ridiculous. His explanation of the Trinity to his hearers, whose simple minds could not conceive of the existence of three in one, was timely and satisfactory. Plucking a stem of the shamrock from the earth at his feet, he pointed out to his congregation the three leaves growing from the one stalk, by that simple illustration bringing the members of his flock to a realization of a Triune God. Since then that trefoil plant has been sacred, and together with the harp has been the emblem of the Emerald Isle.

As long as the shamrock continues to spring from the soil of Erin the true Celt will observe the yearly recurring holiday that is supposed to mark the anniversary of the birth of Ireland's patron saint. It is true that many well-informed Irishmen will tell us that the 17th of March is not celebrated as the birthday of Patrick, because it is by no means certain that it is the correct date; but that the day is merely set apart as a time upon which to honor the old saint's memory. But, be that as it may, the majority of people, and perhaps a majority of the Irish, consider it the birthday anniversary of Ireland's great evangelist. What the Fourth of July is to the true-born American St. Patrick's day is to both the native Irishman and the Irish-American. It is true that the latter is loyal to his adopted country, and has many times proved his patriotism, but when the 17th of March appears the citizen of Hibernian blood is ready to celebrate a day this is exclusively his own—a day commemorating an event that occurred 15 centuries ago, yet which remains undimmed by the mists of time.

It must be confessed that the celebration of St. Patrick's day is not upon the whole invested with any marked degree of sanctity by its participants—that is apparent at least to American eyes. Of course, upon that occasion appropriate ceremonies are conducted in the churches with becoming reverence, but to Irishmen as a whole the anniversary of the old saint's nativity is looked forward to as a day for participating in all the pomp and pageantry of the street parade, in which the green flag with the harp and shamrock shares the honors of the day with the Star and Stripes of the Milesian's adopted country.

Looked at from a meteorological point of view the festival of the canonized Patrick's birth enjoys a distinction that is by no means mythical. Those who have long made a study of the weather and its vagaries can testify that the 17th of March as it appears each year is, as a rule, characterized by storms of either rain or snow, or gales of wind. The few exceptions to this phenomenon only prove the rule. Its boisterous deportment of the elements on that day, however, are easily accounted for by the fact that the vernal equinox is then near at hand, when elemental and atmospheric disturbances are liable to occur.

